

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

Pershing is ready to begin pushing.

Mary Pickford has taken \$100,000 of Liberty Bonds.

Three times as many submarine chasers the contract calls for will be delivered August 1.

The British are getting voluble and quite chesty over the recent victory. They say the Messines advance was a mere prelude to the summer campaign they have inaugurated.

Mrs. J. M. Campbell has lost another lady book-keeper from her insurance office by marriage, the fourth in the last few years. P. S.—The vacancy is still open, girls.

The Germans have abandoned Zepelins for raids on England and are now using rapid and invisible airplanes that drop bombs from an altitude of two miles on school houses and churches. And they call this war.

A prohibitory tax on foodstuffs used in making beverages, tentatively agreed to last week by the Senate Finance Committee, was still further increased Thursday. The new rate is \$60 per hundred pounds instead of \$20, and representatives of distilleries say it will force the absolute suspension of the distilling industry. Incidentally it will eliminate a very troublesome factional issue from Kentucky politics.

A Tokio special says the American government's note to China expressing regret over the dissensions in that country and a sincere desire that tranquility and political co-ordination be forthwith established, caused surprise and unfavorable criticism in Japan where the action is regarded as ignoring Japan's special position in China. The newspapers call the action of the United States glaring interference and warn the government that it is probably an epoch-making precursor of further activities.

n. Pershing was given a great popular demonstration in Paris.

From hundreds of windows American flags were waved by men, women and children. French girls, flags pinned to their breasts and with arms filled with flowers bought from their scanty savings, fairly fought for a chance to get near enough to the machines to hurl their offerings into the laps and on the shoulders of the astonished American officers. The Americans apparently had not imagined the heights to which Parisian enthusiasm could rise. Boys, men and girls and even some old women struggled to jump on the running board of Gen. Pershing's car to shake hands with him.

Zeppelin Destroyed.

London, June 15.—Zeppelin L-43 has been destroyed over the North Sea by naval forces, Chancellor Bona Law announced in the House of Commons. The Admiralty reports that no survivors of the Zeppelin were seen.

H. Clay Smith.

Prof. H. Clay Smith, formerly of Hopkinsville and later in the employ of the Kentucky Anti-Saloon League, and who is now holding a professorship in Phillips University at Enid, Okla., will spend three months of his summer vacation canvassing Kentucky for the Anti-Saloon League.

Mr. Nabb Stricken.

Mr. C. T. Nabb, a prominent farmer living in the Pincham neighborhood, was stricken with paralysis Saturday. The stroke was sufficiently severe to confine him to his bed, and we trust the effect will be only temporary.—Trenton Journal.

More Devilment.

Ten lives were lost by a mysterious explosion in American Sugar Refining Company's plant in Brooklyn, where explosion and fire caused an estimated property loss of \$1,000,000 Wednesday night.

DID WELL BUT FELL SHORT

Liberty Bond Campaign Closed Yesterday At Noon.

UNDER \$400,000 QUOTA

Three Counties In The District of Six Not Heard From Yesterday.

The Liberty Bond campaign under the energetic leadership of R. E. Cooper added many thousands to the total, but the final figures of \$350,000 were about \$50,000 short of the \$400,000 asked for.

General Chairman, Geo. C. Long, had six counties to look after. The amounts apportioned to each were: Christian, \$400,000; Trigg, \$120,000; Todd, \$155,000; Muhlenberg, \$255,000; Logan, \$230,000; Butler, \$125,000, a total of \$1,285,000.

Christian raised \$350,000, Trigg \$120,000 and Todd \$123,500, a total of \$693,000. The other counties not heard from will raise probably \$100,000 to \$200,000. The district will be short about \$500,000.

In a national way the campaign entered the home stretch with every indication that the tremendous drive throughout the nation would result in going well beyond the \$2,000,000,000 goal.

From coast to coast the story that poured into the treasury all day was the same, a story of a whirlwind finish. Telegrams told of tolling bells and shrieking whistles across the continent marking the last day of the campaign; of redoubled efforts by the many agencies at work for the loan's success, of enthusiasm at its highest pitch of long waiting lines of subscribers in thousands of banks in every state of the union.

It seems certain that at least 2,500,000 persons subscribed before the books closed at noon.

Measuring the total by the number of liberty loan buttons which have gone out from headquarters, the number of subscribers should exceed 3,000,000.

TO FILL IN 2 MILE GAP

Private Subscriptions Are Wanted on Princeton Road.

There is a gap of two miles on the Princeton road, from the edge of the new pike to the end of the county line, that Judge Walter Knight is trying to raise money to continue the road. The people along the road have given liberally and the fiscal court and road commission have each agreed to give \$1,000. The total cost will be about \$12,000, and as it is an inter-county seat road, the State will pay half.

It is necessary to raise \$6,000 and about \$4,000 has been subscribed. This road penetrates a territory that does its trading in Hopkinsville and is one of the most important roads of the county. Judge Knight himself gave \$200, and is asking the business men to contribute as much as they will to insure the road, which is to be completed to the county line on the other end.

SERIOUS ACCIDENT.

Will Whitaker, an employee of the Forbes Mfg. Co., was seriously hurt Thursday morning, when a piece of timber in a self-feeding saw which he was operating, kicked back and struck him in the stomach. He was taken to the Hospital for treatment.

Mr. J. W. Chestnut, prominent tobacco buyer and mill man of Trenton, received painful injuries early Sunday morning from a fall on the stairway at his home.—Trenton Journal.

SENATOR JOHN W. KERN SPOKE LAST NIGHT

HUNS RETREAT
LOATH TO FIGHT

Germans Yield Important Positions to British East and South of Messines

VANTAGE POINTS GAINED

French and Belgian Batteries Are Pounding Savagely and Enemy Replying

The British troops in the region of Messines are continuing to make gains at various points against the Germans, who apparently are unwilling to give battle. Both east and south of Messines, fresh advances by Field Marshal Haig's forces and the capture of important first line positions are reported. The new advances, in the neighborhood of the hamlet of Gaspard, which lies directly east of Messines and between the rivers Lys and St. Ives and east of Ploegsteert woods, for a direct menace from both the north and south to the important town of Wattenon and the road leading eastward toward Comines.

Along the front in Russia and Galicia quiet still prevails, except that occasionally the Germans and Austrians are making reconnaissances with small parties which generally meet with hard usage at the hands of the Russians. In the Caucasus region the Kurds have delivered strong attacks against the Russians, but all of them were repulsed.

With the abdication of King Constantine of Greece and the departure of the former monarch, the queen, the crown prince and the royal entourage for Athens to embark on a British warship that will take them to a point from where they can proceed to Switzerland, the Macedonian theatre holds forth promises of early important developments. Additional entente troops have occupied further strategic points in Greece, notably at Piraeus, the port at Athens and also in Thessaly with the purpose of protecting the ripening crops.

Meanwhile on the fighting front along the Greco-Serbian frontier, considerable fighting is taking place, but without any important results.

The Austrians on the Carso plateau and northeast of Gorizia, in the Austria-Italian zone, have delivered attacks against the Italians occupying positions they recently captured. All the attacks, however, went for naught owing to the accuracy of the firing of the Italian artillerymen.

Another German Zeppelin has been destroyed by the British naval forces while it was flying over the North sea. The commander of the expedition, in announcing the destruction of the airship, said it burst into flames shortly after being attacked and fell into the sea and that none of its crew was seen afterwards.

MINSTRELS NEXT.

Prof. C. J. Schubert is at work organizing a minstrel troupe of local talent to put on a show similar to the one recently staged here by the Clarksville troupe. He says he is finding plenty of musical talent and will make the show the best one he has ever staged.

FORD WILKINSON, JR.

Ford L. Wilkinson, Jr., a former Hopkinsville boy, who is a member of the 1918 class of the U. S. Naval Academy, will graduate in a few weeks, a year ahead of time. The class was advanced on account of the need of officers.

And Was Heard By a Large Crowd at The Lincoln Chautauqua.

WEATHER IS FAVORABLE

And The Attendance is Satisfactory At all of The Performances.

The Lincoln Chautauqua made its initial bow to the people of this community Wednesday. The Hipple orchestra furnished the program Wednesday afternoon and also a prelude to the address of Mr. Hamilton Holt, at night. The Hipple Company is one of the most versatile in the chautauqua world and the audience was vastly pleased by the playing, especially the all around ability of Mr. Hipple. Mr. Holt delivered an address which brought out many new phases of the international relations of the American people and those of other lands. He spoke from first hand information concerning the league to enforce peace. The audience was small on account of the weather, but those who were present heard an address worth their while.

Thursday afternoon the program was furnished by the Vierras Hawaiian singers and players and Prof. W. A. Ganfield, president of Center College, Danville, Ky. At night the Hawaiians were followed by Albert and Martha Gale in "Songs and Stories of the Red Men." The Gales gave their entertainment in costume and both entertained and enlightened their hearers with their stories and legends of the American Indians.

Yesterday the people of Hopkinsville had the privilege of hearing the Chicago Male Quartet and Miss Maude Willis in the afternoon. The Chicago Quartet at night gave a prelude to Senator Kern, who took the place of vice-president Marshall.

It is very seldom that a city of our size has the pleasure of having two such attractions as Miss Willis and Senator Kern in one day. Miss Willis' renditions were highly appreciated and of course, everybody heard Senator Kern, for he brought a message direct from the President to the people of Hopkinsville. Senator Kern was formerly a candidate for vice-president and later the majority leader in the U. S. Senate. The Senator brought an inspiring message of patriotism and was heartily welcomed by the people of Hopkinsville.

To-day the program will begin with the Youth's Chautauqua. The afternoon performance will consist of music rendered by the Schroeder Quintet, after which Dr. Robert Perry Shepherd will speak on "Babies and Folks." The Schroeder Quintet will give a prelude in the evening to Dr. Shepherd's lecture on "Efficiency and Democracy."

There will be no Sunday Chautauqua. Monday's program will be given in the afternoon by the Emerson Winters' Company and Mrs. A. C. Zehner. The Winters' Company will also be on the night program followed by a Pageant given by local talent.

FOR DEFENDANT.

Jury Decides Suit Against Captain Cherry.

In the case of J. M. Guthrie against Capt. S. A. Cherry, conductor on the Tennessee Central Railroad, tried in Circuit Court, the jury returned a verdict for the defendant. The plaintiff sued for \$2,000 damages alleging that Capt. Cherry charged him with stealing a piece of meat from the depot.

HAS TYPHOID FEVER.

Miss Mary Bell Bible, who returned a few days ago from Randolph-Macon College, came home ill with typhoid fever, and is sick at the home of her uncle, Mr. John H. Bell.

TWO ELOQUENT FLAG ORATIONS

One By a Son of a Confederate, the Other By a Son of a Union Soldier.

Thursday was Flag Day and in the afternoon at 5 o'clock the local Elks Lodge gave their annual Flag Day celebration. The exercises took place at the Elks' Home, but only a small crowd was present. Those present, however, heard an excellent program.

The music was furnished by those members of the Third Regiment Band not yet called to the front. The Hon. James A. McKenzie delivered the patriotic address of the occasion and those not present missed one of the most patriotic and touching addresses heard here in many days. The Elks' tribute to the flag was given by Mr. James Breathitt, Jr., and he paid the tribute due the flag in a most glowing and acceptable manner. At the close of the ceremony the ladies present were presented with flowers by the Elks.

The following is the full program: Selection,..... Band Introductory,..... Ira D. Smith Prayer,..... Rev. Geo. C. Abbitt Address,..... James A. McKenzie Selection,..... Band "Elks' Tribute to Old Glory," James Breathitt, Jr. America,..... Band Benediction,..... Chaplain

ESPIONAGE BILL LAW

Food Leaks Into Germany to Cease—America Can Force Needed Reports.

Washington, June 15.—Control of exports was given the government today when the senate finally approved the administration espionage bill with its embargo clause. The measure now sent to the president for his signature, puts into the hand of the executive a weapon by which it is intended to stop supplies from entering Germany through neutral countries.

Passage of the bill removes to a great extent the necessity of the British blockade since the United States, originator of most of the exports that reach the neutrals, will be in position, with the aid of British machinery established during the three years of war, to see that the countries are supplied with just enough food and materials for their own needs.

The measure also gives another powerful weapon to the president in that it permits him to trade for articles controlled by the allies which heretofore have been permitted to come to America in limited quantities. The United States, with an enormous trade balance in its favor and largely independent of the rest of the world for farm supplies, can force release of the supplies it does need by exercising its new power over exports.

Fifty Killed.

London, June 15.—Fifty persons were killed and many persons were injured by an explosion at Ashton-under-Lyne, near Manchester, England, Thursday.

Arthur W. Copp Dead.

Washington, June 13.—Arthur W. Copp, Superintendent of the southern division of the Associated Press, died here yesterday of a complication of diseases after a lingering illness. He was forty-nine years old.

Methodist Church.

Lewis Powell, Pastor. Sunday School 9:30 a. m. J. H. Cate, Supt. Mr. Frank C. Brown will preach at 10:45 a. m. on "War in Kentucky, and Battle with The Great Destroyer." Dr. Powell will preach at 8 p. m. on "The Judgment of Sodom." Epworth League at 7 p. m. John C. Lawson, president.

COL. M'BRYDE PRESIDENT

Midsummer Convention of the Ky. Press Association Comes to Close.

WOODSON MAY HONORED

General Important Standing Committees Made Up of Most Efficient Men.

The midsummer session of the Kentucky Press Association came to a close at noon Thursday.

Lieut. Col. Robert J. McBryde, of the First Kentucky Regiment, and associate editor of The Times, who has been vice president of the association during the past year, was unanimously elected president for the ensuing term. He succeeds John B. Gaines, of Bowling Green. Col. McBryde was elected notwithstanding the fact that he is now at Fort Sill, Okla., on military duty and will probably be unable to give any attention during the coming year to press matters.

B. F. Forgey, who nominated him, said that Col. McBryde is fighting the battles of everyone now, and the least the association could do was to honor him with the highest office in the body.

Woodson May, of Somerset, was elected vice president. He has been Executive Committee Chairman for the past year. B. F. Forgey was elected Chairman of the Executive Committee. J. C. Alcock, of Jefferson, was re-elected secretary-treasurer, and was instructed to wire Col. McBryde informing him of his election.

On motion of William Grote, of the Vanceburg Sun, a resolution was adopted asking the members of the association to petition the Kentucky Representatives and Senators to co-operate with the Federal Trade Commission in securing relief from the high price of paper.

John B. Gaines, of Bowling Green, now ex-president of the association, at the forenoon session Thursday in the auditorium of The Seelbach, announced the following committee to classify the advertising rates of the Kentucky press, according to circulation:

James R. Lemon, Mayfield Messenger; J. N. Larue, Franklin Favorite; Harry Sommers, Elizabethtown News; J. C. Alcock, Jeffersonton News-Journal; D. M. Hutton, Harrodsburg Herald; J. T. Wilson, Cynthiana Log Cabin, and G. B. Seiff, Mt. Sterling Advocate. Each member is from a different appellate district.

Mr. Sommers at a busy session of the committee, was chosen chairman, while Mr. Alcock was named secretary. The committee will send a letter to the Kentucky newspapers to secure the necessary information before any decision is reached as to rates. The rates will be determined by the classification of papers and advertising.

At the suggestion of Woodson May, editor of the Somerset Journal, the committee also was empowered with authority to take up the matter of securing a standard paper price, as well as other matters for the best interests of the membership.

The committee will also consider the plan of negotiating for a representative to secure foreign advertising for the Kentucky publishers.

The Clipper Changes Hands.

J. O. Cooper has sold the Midway Clipper to John G. Brown and Frank L. Walter, both employees of the office. J. D. Nunnally, of Georgetown, whose lease had expired, retired from the management.

Universalist Church.

Rev. Thomas Chapman, Pastor. Preaching Sunday evening at 8:00 o'clock. Subject: Sacred and Profane; What is Sacred? What is Profane? Sunday school meets every Sunday at 9:45 a. m. All are most cordially invited to attend the services of both Church and Sunday school.

Hopkinsville Kentuckian.

Published Every Other Day
TUESDAY, THURSDAY AND SATURDAY
MORNINGS, BY
CHAS. M. MEACHAM

Entered at the Hopkinsville Post-
office as Second Class Mail Matter.

Established as Hopkinsville Conserva-
tive in 1866. Succeeded by Hop-
kinsville Democrat 1876. Published
the South Kentuckian 1879 to 1889.

FIFTY-SECOND YEAR

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

ONE YEAR.....\$2.00
SIX MONTHS.....1.00
THREE MONTHS......50
SINGLE COPIES.....10c

Advertising Rates on Application
112 SOUTH MAIN STREET.

WATCH THE DATE—After your
name, renew promptly, and not miss
a number. The Postal regulations
require subscriptions to be paid in
advance.

A disabled German submarine limp-
ed into Cadiz, Spain, and was intern-
ed this week. She had been struck
by gunshots.

Six more former German ships
will complete repairs this week. Five
of them will be leased to the Italian
government to carry food supplies to
Italy. They will load and sail as soon
as possible.

Gen. Goethals restored order in his
department by firing subordinates
who didn't agree with him about the
type of ships to build. If one man
knows it all, what's the use of sub-
ordinate engineers?

President Wilson and the Cabinet
in a session Thursday discussed the
need for speedy action by Congress
on food control legislation, and the
President decided to bring strong
pressure to bear to put the measures
through as quickly as possible.

Rear Admiral Robert E. Peary told
a sub-committee of the Senate Military
Committee that the airplane was
the cheapest and quickest answer to
the submarine, and that if 1,000 air-
planes were sent abroad they would
do more to curb the submarine men-
ace than anything else could be done.

Destruction of a German subma-
rine by an American steamship was
reported by the merchantman upon
her arrival Wednesday in an Ameri-
can harbor. The officers refused to
discuss the encounter except to say
that by agile maneuvering the steam-
er managed to ram and sink the U-
boat shortly after two of the under-
water boats had attacked the mer-
chantman, from either side. The steam-
er lost a blade from her propeller.

The War Department has called for
seventy thousand additional recruits
in order to fill the regular army to
war strength before June 30. Forty-
five thousand are desired to fill vacan-
cies in order that the war strength
of three hundred thousand may be
maintained. Facilities are ready to
train all of them. "The earnest de-
sire of the war Department," says
the statement, "is for seventy thou-
sand single men between eighteen and
forty, who have no dependents and
who are not engaged in professions,
business or trades vitally important
to the prosecution of war, to be en-
listed before June 30."

In a swift and deadly raid on the
city of London Wednesday at noon
German airplanes took a heavy toll in
killed and wounded. The casualties
as officially announced number 534,
including 97 killed and 437 wounded.
Fifty-five men met death and 223
men were wounded. Sixteen women
and twenty-six children were killed
and 122 women and 94 children were
wounded. The German squadron
consisted of about fifteen machines
and the down-town section of Lon-
don was their chief objective. Many
bombs fell in the east end, where
buildings were destroyed and others
badly damaged and scores of persons
fell victims to the explosions. In one
instance alone ten children were kil-
led in a school and fifty were injured.
British airplanes ascended immedi-
ately the signal was given that hostile
machines were coming but the Ger-
mans remained at a great height and
flew swiftly and evidently the British
fighters had difficulty in the pursuit
for the loss of only one German ma-
chine has been recorded.

BY DOCTOR'S ORDERS

By GEORGE BREWSTER.

"In fact, become a tramp for at
least a month," concluded the doctor.
Young Wayne Gilbert had carried
out an enterprise in real estate that
had taken nerve and hard work, and
at its conclusion he found himself
shaky. His appetite was gone, he had
a touch of insomnia, and every ac-
quaintance he met gave him the same
advice:

"Go to a doctor and then follow his
advice."

The doctor advised a tramp over
country highways.

"Take little or no money," he con-
tinued. "In fact, look like a tramp,
feel like a tramp and be a tramp for
the time being."

Mr. Gilbert left the office sneering at
the advice given him, but after a day
or two he came to look at it in a dif-
ferent light.

Oh, yes, there is romance in tramp-
ing, and when it is recommended by
a doctor, his advice should be followed.
Young Gilbert came to take this view
of it after a couple of days, and set
forth.

One summer's afternoon a girl of
twenty and her mother and aunt sat
on the veranda of a farmhouse front-
ing on a prominent highway. The
girl was reading—the others were sew-
ing. Of a sudden the reader laid aside
her book, rose, and shaded her eyes
to look down the road.

"Looking for anybody, Dora?" quer-
ied the mother.

"It's a tramp coming, I guess."
"But don't you encourage him to
come in here," protested the aunt. "I
dreamed the other night that a tramp
to whom I was kind rewarded me by
cutting my throat, and I don't want
it to prove a true dream."

"Dora always pities every tramp
that comes along," apologized the
mother.

"But she shouldn't. Every tramp is
ready to rob and murder. Is he going
to stop here, Dora?"

"He is sitting down to rest. I be-
lieve he is ill."

That tramp was Wayne Gilbert. He
had given the doctor's prescription a
fair trial, and he was more than ready
to abandon it. While limping along
he had been overcome with dizziness
and realized that he was going to be
ill. He sat on the grass with his back
to the fence when a girl suddenly ap-
peared before him.

"Are you ill?" she asked.

"I fear I am going to be," he an-
swered.

"You—you don't look like most of
the tramps that come along here."

"Because I am not a tramp. I have
been walking the highways by a doc-
tor's advice. I have money and pa-
pers that will identify me. I am go-
ing to try to reach the railroad. If I
can't do it—"

And the world whirled around him
and he fainted away.

The mother and aunt came running
down in response to Miss Dora's cries,
and a farmer who had been to town
stopped his team.

"We must get him to the house,"
said the girl.

"If you do, I'll leave it!" exclaimed
the aunt, who was a visitor there.

"We had better get this farmer to
take him to town, where he can be
cared for," whispered the mother.

"We shall do no such thing! He
shall be cared for in our own house.
He is not a tramp. He told me that
he had money and papers."

The patient was put to bed, and it
was the opinion of the doctor that he
would have to stay there a couple of
weeks. In reply to the query as to
whether he thought the young man a
tramp, he laughingly replied:

"Not any more than I am. The
chances are that he lives in a city, and
was recommended by a doctor to try
tramping to build himself up."

Miss Dora searched the clothing and
found money and papers. She and her
father and mother were satisfied.

As was to have been expected, the
fever was much higher the next morn-
ing, but the doctor was not worried.

"We'll break it up in three or four
days," he said to Miss Dora, "and then
you will come in with your chicken
soup and kind words and help him to
get well. Last night I telegraphed to
some of the addresses given in his pa-
pers, and the replies say that he is a
fine young man, and charge me to give
him every attention. He will be my
patient and your hero."

"But heroes come with steel and
sword and lance, don't they?" she
laughed.

"Not always. I have known them
to be stumbled over in the blackberry
bushes. The lad doesn't look much
like a hero now, but give him a
chance."

It was two weeks before Wayne could
sit on the veranda, and a careful nurse
sat with him. It was only when he
was able to walk in the orchard that
the aunt said to her sister:

"Josephine, I believe those two are
in love."

"So do I," was replied.

"You do!"

"Yes, and so does John."

"And what are you going to do
about it?"

"Nothing."

"Well, I am."

And she walked out and gave Mr.
Gilbert her hand and said:

"My brother-in-law, Jake Sharp,
says I've made a fool of myself, and
if you'll forgive me, I'll be your aunt
by marriage any time you and Dora
say the word."

"Nothing."

"Well, I am."

And she walked out and gave Mr.
Gilbert her hand and said:

"My brother-in-law, Jake Sharp,
says I've made a fool of myself, and
if you'll forgive me, I'll be your aunt
by marriage any time you and Dora
say the word."

(Copyright, 1917, by the McClure New-
spaper Syndicate.)

GLAD TO TESTIFY

Says Watoga Lady, "As To What
Cardui Has Done For Me, So
As To Help Others."

Watoga, W. Va.—Mrs. S. W. Gladwell,
of this town, says: "When about 15 years
of age, I suffered greatly... Sometimes
would go a month or two, and I had
terrible headache, backache, and bearing-
down pains, and would just drag and
had no appetite. Then... it would last
... two weeks, and was so weakening,
and my health was awful.

My mother bought me a bottle of
Cardui, and I began to improve after
taking the first bottle, so kept it up till I
took three... I gained, and was well
and strong, and I owe it all to Cardui.

I am married now and have 3 children
... Have never had to have a doctor for
female trouble, and just resort to Cardui
if I need a tonic. I am glad to testify to
what it has done for me, so as to help
others."

If you are nervous or weak, have head-
aches, backaches, or any of the other
ailments so common to women, why not
give Cardui a trial? Recommended by
many physicians. In use over 40 years.
Begin taking Cardui today. It may
be the very medicine you need.

NC-130

(Advertisement.)

Preferred Locals

Smithson Water delivered Tues-
days and Saturdays. Phone 633-1.
(Advertisement.)

**Good Morning. Have
You Seen The Courier?
Evansville's Best Paper.**

Eggs For Hatching.

Barred Plymouth Rock eggs for
sale at \$1.50 for 15. Phone 94 or 449.
STANDARD POULTRY CO.

House For Rent.

A 7-room cottage for rent at 104
West 17th street. Newly painted,
gas, electric lights, city water and
city sewerage. Garden and fine fruit
trees. Rent \$200. Possession at once.
CHAS. M. MEACHAM.

CLOVER HAY FOR SALE.

At 50 cents per 100 loose
in the field. Must be gotten in
next few days.

R. H. Rives. 206-3

Rooster For Sale.

Fine thoroughbred Plymouth Rock
cock at \$1. Phone 94.

PROFESSIONALS

R. T. JETT, D. V. M.

--VETERINARIAN--

7th and Railroad Sts.

Office,

Cowherd & Altscheler Sale Barn.

Phone 19. Hopkinsville, Ky.

**Hotel Latham
Barber Shop**

**Fine Bath Rooms. Four First-
class Artists.**

FRANK BOYD, PROP.

Japanese Crime Detector.

If a theft takes place in a Japanese
household all the servants are required
to write a certain word with the same
brush. The conscience is supposed to
betray its workings in the waves of the
ideographs written. Tracing an ideog-
raph involves such an effort of muscu-
lar directness and undivided attention
that this device often leads to the dis-
covery of guilty persons. The test is,
at all events, more humane than the
 ordeal of boiling water, to which ac-
cused persons were formerly submitted
in this and other eastern countries.—
Exchange.

Used 40 Years

CARDUI

The Woman's Tonic

Sold Everywhere

ANNOUNCEMENT.

We are authorized to announce
LUCIAN J. HARRIS,
as a candidate for sheriff, subject to
the action of the Democratic primary
in August.

We are authorized to announce
WILLIAM R. HOWELL,
of Christian county, as a candidate
for the Democratic nomination for the
State Senate from the District com-
posed of Christian and Hopkins coun-
ties. Subject to the August primary.

We are authorized to announce
EDWARD C. MAJOR
as a candidate for Sheriff of Christian
county, subject to the action of the
Democratic primary, August 4th.

We are authorized to announce
H. A. ROBINSON,
of Hopkinsville, as a candidate for the
Democratic nomination for
STATE SENATOR
for the Sixth Senatorial District com-
posed of the counties of Christian and
Hopkins. Primary August 4.

We are authorized to announce
IRA D. SMITH
as a candidate for re-nomination to the
office of County Attorney. Subject to
the action of the Democratic Party in
the August primary.

We are authorized to announce
W. J. McGEE
as a candidate for the office of Jailer
of Christian county, subject to the ac-
tion of the Democratic primary Aug-
ust 4th.

We are authorized to announce
T. S. WINFREE
as a candidate for Constable in Dis-
trict No. 2, subject to the action of
the Democratic primary, August 4th.

We are authorized to announce
CHAS. L. DADE
as a candidate for Magistrate in the
Sixth Magisterial district, subject to
the Democratic primary in August.

We are authorized to announce
W. A. NICHOLS
as a candidate for the office of Jailer
of Christian county, subject to the ac-
tion of the Republican primary Aug-
ust.

We are authorized to announce
M. V. B. RUSSELL
as a candidate for the office of Jailer
of Christian county, subject to the ac-
tion of the Republican primary, Aug-
ust 4.

We are authorized to announce
JAMES B. ALLENSWORTH
as a candidate for the office of County
Judge of Christian county, subject to
the action of the Democratic primary,
August 4th.

We are authorized to announce
THOMAS C. JONES
as a candidate for County Court Clerk
of Christian county subject to the ac-
tion of the Democratic primary, Aug-
ust 4th.

We are authorized to announce
R. T. STOWE
as a candidate for County Court Clerk
subject to the action of the Demo-
cratic primary Aug. 4th, 1917.

We are authorized to announce
W. L. GORE
as a candidate for Sheriff of Christian
county, subject to the action of the
Democratic primary, Saturday, Aug.
4, 1917.

We are authorized to announce
R. C. HOPSON
as a candidate for the office of Jailer
of Christian county, subject to the ac-
tion of the Democratic primary Aug-
ust 4.

We are authorized to announce
JOHN W. WOOD
as a candidate for justice of the peace
in Magisterial district No. 6. Subject
of the Republican primary August 4.

We are authorized to announce
T. H. JOINER
as a candidate for the office of Coun-
ty Judge of Christian county, subject
to the action of the Republican pri-
mary, August 4.

We are authorized to announce
HUGH SEARGENT,
of Beverly, as a candidate for Assess-
or of Christian county, subject to the
action of the Republican primary,
August 4.

Experts tell us that it is a waste of
gas to allow the flames to blaze up
the sides of a kettle or saucepan. This
does not cause the contents to boil any
more quickly.

Their Season Mixed.
Some men want to make hay in
February and cut it in August.

THE MODERN SPIRIT

of cooperation, the spirit which animates all suc-
cessful business, prevails in the organization of our
Federal reserve bank.

We own stock in it. We keep our reserve cash
in it. We have a voice in electing its directors and
through them in choosing its management. It is
our bank, and the resources enable us at all times
to meet the legitimate banking requirements of our
community.

You, in turn, can cooperate with us in maintain-
ing the Federal Reserve Banking System and at the
same time share in its benefits
and protection by becoming one
of our depositors.

First National Bank

Of Hopkinsville, Ky.

Send for Booklet, "How Does it Benefit Me?"



Are the chickens playing "old scratch" with your
garden?

If so, just come in and get some wire to fence them
out. The worry you will save will be worth more than
the wire will cost. When you have fencing to do let
us figure with you on the "wire."

We are the "live wires" for garden tools too.

Remember, our hardware stands hard wear.

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INCORPORATED.

Percy Smithson

Livery and Board Stable

Hopkinsville, Ky.

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UP-TO-DATE**

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Surplus & Profits 115,000.00

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Bank and Trust Co.**

WITH more than thirty years of
success in serving two gen-
erations of business men and stand-
ing for every movement to build
up and better this community.

3 Per Cent Interest on Time Deposits.

"A FOOL AND HIS MONEY—"

The World is Better Off When They Are Parted and the Cash is in Pockets of a Wise Man.

A fool and his money are soon parted. That's right.

The best thing that can happen to a fool's money is to get in the pockets of a wise man. So don't shed tears, dear reader, when you hear that a Pennsylvania man "blows in" \$15,000 in one day or spends \$1,000 for a few extra suits of clothes, says Girard in the Philadelphia Ledger.

When a spendthrift eats \$8 worth of terrapin and calls for more the money doesn't go down his throat. Bless you, no; because it goes to the hotel man, who scatters those 800 cents to the four winds.

I hear the thoughtless sigh when they read about somebody's giving a monkey dinner at Newport. But I ask you if getting rid of his money as fast as possible is not the very best thing which a monkey-dinner promoter could do with it?

When a man or woman has not the sense to spend money wisely, why, the sooner and faster it goes the better for the rest of the world.

The worst thing anybody can do with money is to lock it up. Wise ones make their cash work harder than any slave toiled on a cotton plantation.

Even a slave had time to sleep, but a sensible man, no matter whether he have ten or ten million dollars, keeps it on the treadmill all day and all night and every day of the year.

Hence your spendthrift when he orders \$500 worth of wine for a dinner, plus \$1,000 worth of flowers, and hands the waiters a \$50 bill for a tip, is doing what? Merely transferring his cash from one treadmill where it is not needed to a score of different mills where it is needed.

So instead of reviling these lavish sounds say to them "God bless you."

PHTHISIS IS ON DECLINE

Dread Disease May Be Obliterated in Another Decade If Decrease Continues at Present Rate.

If tuberculosis shall continue to decrease in this country at the same rate as in the past half century, it will be obliterated in another decade. This is the opinion of Dr. Cleveland Floyd, expressed at the Harvard Medical school. There are two conditions, however, which will prevent the complete obliteration of this lung disease at present, and these are poverty and lack of hygienic surroundings.

Doctor Floyd said that almost everybody has the germs of this disease in his system, but that he is able to resist their attack through living a healthy life and through the protection of nature.

Inhalation and infection are the two common ways by which a person contracts tuberculosis. Children may get the germs in impure milk, but outdoor play prevents the spread. It often happens, however, that when people go to work in shops or insanitary offices, or live in crowded rooms, the disease shows itself and gains a foothold. That is why so many persons between the ages of nineteen and thirty-two acquire tuberculosis.

New Gun Shoots Both Ways.

An army officer has invented a gun which shoots both ways at the same time. The purpose of this arrangement is not to fight the enemy in the front and the rear at once, but to eliminate the recoil, and thus to save the time required in bringing the gun back into position for a second shot. The force exerted by the exploding powder in any gun is equal in both directions, hence the recoil, or "kick." By having a barrel open in both directions, by placing the charge of powder in the middle of the gun and by having a projectile of equal weight on each side of the powder charge, the gun itself is not moved by the explosion. The projectile fired to the front is an ordinary explosive shell. The counterbalancing is a charge of fine shot of equal weight. The shot loses its velocity and falls harmlessly to the ground within a few feet of the gun.

Dignity and Impudence.

A trawler one evening came into port where lay at anchor a destroyer. She dropped her "hook" foul of the first and second ships and the efforts of the officer of the watch on the leading ship to move her were fruitless.

On the matter being reported to the commodore he went aft and hailed the trawler.

"Hullo, there. You're foul of my billet, and you must clear out and anchor elsewhere. I'm in command of this flotilla—who are you?"

Back came the answer, appealing in its audacity and disregard of service convention:

"Ah'm the Star o' Bethlehem—and Ah've set fo' th' night."—London Opinion.

Efficiency in War.

The usual means of transportation in the Bulgarian army used to be the ox-cart. It was, used, indeed, in the first advance into Serbia. Now the motortruck has replaced it. The officer in charge of the supply department says that one truck does in a day the work of 500 oxen, 250 carts and 300 men.

Sure To.

"I can't account for the waning popularity of that moving-picture actor. He used to have great vogue."

"He declined a play from nearly everybody in America. That hurt his popularity some."

THE RECIPE LADY

By JANE OSBORN.

Among other things Mardy Graham wrote recipes.

She had begun with big ideas about writing short stories for the popular magazines, a play or so and possibly a best seller. But now, ensconced in her very own little studio apartment in a dingy New York side street, she considered herself quite fortunate when she kept the pot boiling by writing anything at all.

After the rejection of that first play of hers, the ambitious Mardy had taken one reef after another in her sails. Still she chose to sail her own little craft in her own way and she had not been completely discouraged.

In spite of the two years of uphill work Mardy had spent in the big city she had something of the old-time reticence of well-bred women of her class against permitting the publication of her photograph. She didn't quite like the idea of appearing morning after morning in some Western paper as the originator of countless ways of making cakes, muffins, stews and puddings, the like of which she had not even tasted for many a moon. "But still," reflected Mardy, as she sat before her desk in the apartment, "I really am that recipe lady."

So Mardy went forth to the photographer's one day and sat for her picture, and with the usual misgivings and hopefulness she waited the finishing of the proof.

Mardy gave one last lingering look at the proofs and then quite deliberately tore them in two. "Let me have the bill and then destroy the proofs," she said. "That picture won't do. I'll have to buy a picture of a girl that does look as if she wrote recipes."

So it was that the picture that appeared with Mardy's daily talks on matters culinary was that of a calmed, young housekeeper, and the readers were delighted.

Then the editor man told Mardy that he was going to New York on business and would call at her "office," and from time to time on the day that the editor was coming Mardy spent minutes trying to remove the home touches from the little workroom where she ground out her copy. She really didn't want the man whose friendship she had won through her letters to know that those rooms were all that she knew of home. The recipe lady, of course, must have a home and a kitchen, or how would she know so much about cooking?

But even when the editor knocked, the old brass knocker that Mardy had fastened to her studio door, Mardy had not quite decided how she would explain about the picture. She trusted that she would not mind making the explanation when she saw him. If the attachment that he had told her in his letters he felt for her depended on the picture, rather than on her clever letters, what was she to do? She knew that she was prettier than that picture, but perhaps it was just that type of face that had attracted him.

But before the first ten minutes of the call, during which Mardy felt that she had been becoming reacquainted with her best friend—for such the writer of the letters seemed to her—Mardy forgot the picture. Then she caught the keen eyes of the man studying her face. She knew it was time for an explanation.

"You see, I suppose, that that picture is a fake," she confessed. "I don't look like it at all, do I? I had my picture taken especially for you," she said, "but it didn't look the part."

"No," he said; "you don't exactly look like the staid young housewife of the picture. You're not that type, exactly. But where did you get the picture that you did send?"

"I had to get something," Mardy began her confession. "So I asked the photographer to get a picture that did look the part. He had a hundred or so pictures—some of them of professional models and others pictures of paintings they had photographed. He said there was no copyright on the one I decided to take, so I didn't hesitate."

"No, it wasn't copyrighted," said the man. "You see I painted that picture. I used to dabble in that sort of thing, you know. That was then to me a picture of the ideal I had never met—a housewife sort of girl that thought only of her own home. She was still my ideal when you sent a copy of that picture to go with the talks. I suppose the photographer got the photograph at the time my picture was hung. Some of the papers wanted it. It took a prize or something at an exhibit, I believe."

"And it is still your ideal?" asked Mardy. "I'm sorry that I appropriated it—very sorry."

"No, it isn't now," exclaimed the man, "for since I have known you in the letters and since I have seen you here I have found a new ideal—a woman that has as many ambitions and as many disappointments as a man might—not that complacent, smug little housewife—though my ideal could do all that sort of thing, too, if she had to. But she has more spirit. Don't you understand? Dear little recipe lady, you are my ideal, and I came on from the West to find you. I knew you so well from those letters."

And the little recipe lady, because it was so long since she had had some one to trust, buried her little head in the arms that were outstretched to her, and whispered her answer to the question that he asked her.

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WOMAN BRAVES WAR DANGERS

Wife of Doctor Carrel, Head of American Hospital in France, Risks Life on Battle Front.

The bravery of Mme. Carrel, wife of Dr. Alexis Carrel, head of the American hospital at Compiègne, is told in a letter from France. When word of the German retreat from the Somme first reached Mme. Carrel, she started at once for Ribecourt, but the bridges were blown up and she had to turn back.

The following day Mme. Carrel asked the medecin-chef of the hospital for an ambulance, but suspecting her purpose, he refused, saying it was not at all necessary for her to get killed. Next Mme. Carrel went direct to the ambulance and ordered a chauffeur to take one of the cars, fill it with all the supplies available, and go with her. Against the chauffeur's protest that he had no orders, they drove through lines of advancing artillery until they reached the bridge at Ribecourt. Here Mme. Carrel waited for 20 minutes while the last nails were being driven into the temporary structure. Her car was the first to cross.

Mme. Carrel's ambulance was driven forward with the artillery convoys. The building of a second bridge held them up again before they reached Noyon. Within twenty-four hours after the Germans had moved out Mme. Carrel was in the city. She was the first woman to enter, bringing succor and words of love to the stricken inhabitants.

STUNG



Reggy—Aw-er, I say, Peggy, do you believe in kissing children?
Peggy—No, Reggy, you'll have to wait a few years.

GRASSHOPPERS AT SEA.

The master of the Norwegian bark Robert Scrofton, bound from Liverpool to Pensacola, recently encountered a swarm of grasshoppers when about 1,200 miles from the African coast—the nearest land. A specimen insect was forwarded, through the weather bureau, to the United States bureau of entomology, where it was pronounced to be Schistocerca gregaria, says the Scientific American. This species is a powerful flier, and has been taken far at sea on previous occasions. In the present case its flight was evidently aided by the steady northeast trade winds.

MUTUAL ATTRACTION.

Mike—There is something about Kelly that attracts me and something about me that attracts Kelly. Thin we clinch and it's dog ate dog, begorra!

WHY THEY MERELY NOD.

Young Mother—The doctor says people shouldn't kiss the baby; it isn't sanitary.

Calher—Poor little fellow; why don't you wash him?

NO TROUBLE.

"Did you get many bites on your fishing trip?" "I should say so. About every farm place we passed had a dog loose."

IN ARMOR.

"Well, spring is here bringing joy to the butterflies and bees."

"Um. The turtle, however, seems best prepared to survive it."

ALL KINDS OF WEAKNESSES.

Ginger—Garn, yer father couldn't pass the doctor!

Puddin'—Burr! Yours can't pass a pub.—Sydney Bulletin.

WOULD WAIT FOR THE REST.

"Give me a cigarette, Bill."

"Only got one."

"Oh, that's all right, I'll get the rest some other time."—Froth.

Anna Case

the miracle girl of the Metropolitan, proving by direct comparison of her living voice with Edison's Re-Creation of it that the one is absolutely indistinguishable from the other.

There Are Only Two Ways

There are only two ways in which you can become fully familiar with and truly appreciative of a great artist's voice—or instrumental performance.

The first way is to hear him sing—or play.

The second way is to hear the Re-Creation of his voice—or instrumental performance—on the New Edison.

No talking machine is sufficiently realistic in its reproduction of an artist's performance to give you a true conception.

The NEW EDISON is not a Talking Machine

It differs from any and all talking machines in that talking machines give but a hollow imitation of an artist while the New Edison literally Re-creates the artist's performance.

Great artists have stood beside the New Edison and have sung—or played—in direct comparison with it.

More than 200,000 music lovers have seen and heard these comparisons and have been utterly unable to distinguish the living artist's performance from Edison's Re-Creation of that performance.

More than two hundred of America's leading newspapers concede freely in their own columns that the New Edison Re-creates music so perfectly that the Re-Creation cannot be distinguished from the original.

fectly that the Re-Creation cannot be distinguished from the original.

The New York Globe refers to the New Edison as "the phonograph with a soul." The New York Tribune says, "Edison has snared the soul of music."

You do not need Imagination.

With the New Edison in your home you do not have to imagine what an artist's voice sounds like. When you play an Edison Re-Creation of that artist's voice you know exactly how the artist's voice would sound if you heard it in real life.

Visit Our Store

We want you to hear "the phonograph with a soul."

We want you to hear the Re-created voices of Emmy Destinn, Margarete Matzenauer, Marie Rappold, Anna Case, Julia Heinrich, Alice Verlet, Lucrezia Bori, Zenoletti, Anselmi, Middleton, Urtius, Goritz and Chalmers.

We want you to hear the Re-Creation of the

masterly bowing of Albert Spalding and Carl Flesch.

We want you to hear the Re-Creation of every kind of musical instrument.

There is no obligation to buy. We merely want you to come and hear and be convinced that "Edison has snared the soul of music," just as the New York Tribune says.

Anderson-Fowler Drug Co., Inc.

WAS CITY OF GREAT CULTURE

Constantinople Was Center of World's Activities When London and Paris Were Villages.

As everyone knows, Constantinople, like Rome, was built upon seven hills. Nature has given Constantinople a unique and curiously strong position; the city has been taken only twice in its history—once by the Turks and once by the Crusaders. It is so situated that it can be captured only as the result of simultaneous attacks made by sea and land. Look at your map and you will soon understand how it is that Constantinople occupies such a strong and enviable position.

In the middle ages, when Paris and London were but rude villages, Constantinople was a great city—not only a great city, either, but a world city. In it the peoples of the East and of the West met. Here they came to transact their business and to enjoy themselves. This world city had in those days many of those advantages which we are in the habit of terming "modernity" and which other cities of the West at that time lacked. All travelers and Crusaders who visited Constantinople marveled at what they saw; many of them have left us accounts of their impressions. Constantinople was a vast and beautiful and busy place; it had wide, well-laid-out, lighted and paved streets; it had public buildings, schools, theaters, baths, circuses, splendid churches. It embodied all that was rich and beautiful in Eastern culture; in it flourished the arts. Whenever we see a splendid bronze door or a bit of metal work, carving or tapestry in a church in southern Italy or Sicily we may be sure that it either came from Constantinople or was produced by a workman who had come from that place. In the middle ages Constantinople was the one great city, being sometimes called "the Paris of the East."—Christian Science Monitor.

Tapestry Weaving Almost Lost Art.

Today the sole repository of the art of tapestry weaving is the workshop of the Gobelins, established by Louis XIV in 1662 with 250 workmen, who are now reduced to 60. Only a century ago there were a number of such repositories. The pope, the king of Spain, and the king of Bavaria maintained workshops in Rome, Madrid and Munich. William F. Paris tells us in "Decorative Elements in Architecture," that others existed in Turin and Naples. But more than a half century ago all of these went out of existence. Not until 1906 did the Gobelins court any publicity by giving an open exhibition of their work, a display then being made at the annual exposition of French artists in Paris. New York Evening Post.

He Wouldn't Laugh.

The eminent actor and the admired playwright were in company with another man of mark. The actor told a story in his best manner—a manner justly celebrated on two sides of the Atlantic—a manner justly celebrated as effective, to say the least. The playwright observed that the other man of mark sat silent and glumly regarding the opposite wall. "That was a good story of Judkins," the playwright said. "May I ask why you choose to confer upon it such a disheartening countenance?" "A good story!" the other replied, explosively. "Of course, it is a good story. I told that story to Judkins yesterday myself. And did he laugh? He did not. And today the pigtailed pirate tells it back to me and expects me to laugh. Not much. I'll choke first."—New York Evening Post.

Work.

There is nothing but what's bearable, as long as a man can work. The nature of things doesn't change, though it seems as if one's life was nothing but change. That the square of four is sixteen, and you must lengthen your lever in proportion to your weight, is as true when a man's miserable as when he's happy; and the best of working is, it gives you a good grip-hold of things outside your own lot.—George Elliot.

Something to Practice On.

Anna knocked at a neighbor's door and asked for the loan of her baby. "What do you want it for?" the neighbor asked. "Well, we are learning to wash and dress babies at school, and we only have a doll. I thought you would not mind loaning your baby until tomorrow so we could have the real thing to practice on."

Scare Pests While Lying in Bed.

During the mango season in India much injury is done to the fruit by night-birds, particularly the so-called flying foxes, and to keep these off with the minimum of inconvenience to themselves, the natives have invented an interesting contrivance. First of all they bedeck a long bamboo pole plentifully with tin cans and other noise-producing utensils and fix this up among the branches of one of the fruit trees. To this, they tie a cord reaching down to the ground and the other end of this cord they tie around their own ankle. By this means, they can lie in bed and, while resting the rest of their body, can work the noise-maker with their legs.

His Resources.

Old Roxleigh—"What are your resources?" Nervy Sutor—"Well, I have two other rich girls willing to marry me if I cannot have your daughter."

Among the many monuments to General Sherman, the one situated in Calvary Cemetery, St. Louis, is a most unique, compelling design. The very character of its architecture seems to emphasize the faithful and honorable spirit of this old warrior.



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Telephone 490.

LATEST RAID ON LONDON

**Killed 100 And Wounded
More Than 400
With Bombs.**

London, June 15.—A number of persons injured in Wednesday's attack on London by German airplanes succumbed to their wounds later, making the deaths exceed 100.

Firemen, ambulance workers, physicians and nurses, assisted by the police, were engaged throughout the night in the search for the bodies of victims in the areas which suffered most heavily. There were pathetic scenes in hospitals and police stations, where women and men waited for hours in the hope of receiving more favorable news regarding missing relatives.

According to the first report the casualties as officially announced numbered 534, including ninety-seven killed and 437 wounded. Fifty-five women and twenty-two children were killed and 122 men met death and 223 men and women and ninety-four children were wounded.

"A fleet of our large airplanes," says Thursday's German official statement, "yesterday bombed the fort of London. All our airplanes returned unharmed."

SEVERAL OPERATIONS

**And Other Items From Jen-
nie Stuart Hospital.**

Gabe L. Campbell was operated upon Thursday night for appendicitis and was doing well yesterday.

Will Whitaker, injured by accident at the Mogul plant and taken to the hospital Thursday, is not critical, as at first reported.

Mrs. James Towler, of Gracey, underwent an operation Wednesday and is doing nicely.

W. M. Davie, brought to the hospital critically ill with fever complications Thursday, was a little better yesterday.

Miss Sarah Taylor, of Pembroke, was brought to the hospital yesterday and will be operated upon today.

L. Howell Wiley, of this city, operated upon Tuesday, is getting along satisfactorily.

Miss Jeannette Sacks, operated upon a week ago, will be able to go home today.

Oglesby Soyars, Miss Grace Rawls and Mrs. Ben Lyle, operative patients, are convalescent.

Clarence Dossett, a little motherless boy from Pembroke, was brought to the hospital a week ago with the help of citizens of Pembroke and underwent a radical operation to straighten a badly diseased spine. He is doing well and improvement is noted in the little sufferer's condition. A new piece of bone had to be inserted in the spine.

Timber Bamboo.

The plantings of the Oriental timber bamboo in northern Florida and Louisiana have grown to a height of 25 feet, and there is no longer any question about their producing in this country good cases comparable to those which they produce in China and Japan. A quick method of their propagation has been worked out so that it will be now possible to supply large quantities of the young plants, to set out many small areas throughout the South, from the Carolinas to California wherever there is sufficient moisture and the land is not too high priced to admit of their cultivation.

Individualism Destroying Family.

Mr. Tokutomi, one of Japan's foremost writers, in discussing the question of the family, laments the fact that the advancing individualism of the nation is undermining the power of the family council, so long the social bulwark of Japan. A strong family system, he says, will relieve the police and law courts of many cases and simplify internal administration, thus leaving the state free to devote its energy to world politics. "It must not be forgotten that the Japanese family system is the heart of the Japanese empire where the spirit patriotism is first cultivated, and that it is essential to make this family system perfect and to support its growth."

Man's Vanity.

"A man is so vain that any clever woman can make him believe that without him the world could not go on, thereby gaining for herself a husband—exchange."

HER MASTERPIECE

By MARTHA M'C. WILLIAMS.

The king would have flounced in if he had been privileged to wear petticoats. Being restricted to trousers, he expressed his discomfort by rather wabbling strides and a heavy flop into the corner of the settee. There, after a minute, he placed his head in his hands, and swore—under his breath—because the duchess lolled in a long chair a little way off.

She was not a real duchess, of course. The nickname ran back to the days of pigtails, when he had been King Mollygob, she Duchess of Two Sticks, though an unfeeling world had called them, commonplace, Dave Mason and Janet Lee. Only children and close neighbors, they had been all but inseparable until the era of college. Janet went first, being a year the older. Then Dave went, and thus it happened that they had not met for five years.

"Swear out loud! It's more relieving," Janet said after a minute, with a soft, suppressed giggle. "Or, better still—tell me about it. Does true love's course refuse to run smooth for lack of an obstacle?"

Davy cried, sitting up with a jerk: "How did you—how could you guess?"

"Didn't—a certainty—knowing the other party in interest as I do," Janet flung back. Davy shook his head at her. "It's bad enough to have you reading law, though you don't mean to practice," he said. "I won't have you talking it at me—I want to forget there is such a thing."

"Hey, for the briny! The Spanish Main! We yearn to go a-plating! We do, oh, we do!" Janet intoned, her eyes twinkling.

Davy looked properly foolish, but blurted out: "If you knew what reason I have to hate law and all its works, you wouldn't make fun of me. Edna refuses me, because our joint inheritance of the Wayland fortune makes it all cut and dried—I'd like to give her my share—indeed, I'd give it to anybody—but—the will steps in—If either of us refuses the money it works forfeiture to both—"

"Leaving you free to refuse each other? What a pity!" Janet interrupted: "If Ed had to take you, will she—she, she'd be just the loveliest martyr. I can see her right now, fainting at the altar—regardless of orange blossoms and the Wayland old lace—"

"Don't! You hurt me!" Davy protested. "You can't know how much—since you've never cared for—anybody."

"Praise be!" Janet flung back at him—with yet a subtle hardening of the lips. "But live in hope, my child. Who was it sang, 'Old maids at forty-five grow giddy'? When my time comes it will be your turn to laugh."

"I never want to laugh at you—promise you won't laugh at me—now," Davy answered eagerly. "You see, I've been thinking that maybe if Ed could be persuaded there was something—a prior attachment—Oh, hang it, you understand." She got up and walked to the window, saying over her shoulder, "Leave it to me. Nothing easier."

As she disappeared in the library beyond Davy saw her suddenly falter and sprang toward her. She waved him back gayly and shut the door in his face. Half an hour later she came through it holding a fairly written sheet, which she thrust into his hands. "When he had read it his eyes were dim. 'Lord! But you do make up things!' he said not quite steadily. 'If—If this were true,' glancing at the sheet—'why, I shouldn't ever draw another happy breath.'"

"Oh, yes, you would! You're forgetting the stimulus to your vanity. Think of being the only man that ever touched this adamant bosom," Janet cried merrily. "I call that a very perfect appeal and confession—if I did lay it on rather thick. Ed likes her romance as the old lady did her grog—she didn't mind so long as it was hot, strong, sweet—and plenty of it."

"Cesse, mocking cynic and tell me how you did it. It is simply wonderful. I swear truth couldn't be as true," Davy interrupted. Janet half turned her head, saying in her gayest voice: "You flatter me. Still, I agree with you. Truth couldn't be as true; feeling, you know, never equals imagination. But now, be off with you, while I copy this for the mail bag. Of course I'm going to keep the original—of my masterpiece."

"I wonder will Edna dare—I'll hate her if she shows it to me," Davy said, flushing. Then he got up, caught both Jane's hands in his, and said huskily: "Duchess, you are the greatest woman in the world. Not another would have so humbled her pride, even in make-believe, to humor another woman's whim and save a man's love from tantalizing delay. Do believe me—I couldn't reverence you more if what you have done were real. I marvel that, knowing you, I can love anybody else."

"Will you take yourself off?" Janet cried imperiously, but letting her hands lie in his clasp. He kissed them tenderly, turned and left her. She flung herself upon the settee, preening her lips, her cheek, her fingers, upon the wood where his head had rested. Her face was healthily colored, her hand steady. She said nothing for at least five minutes. Then, rising, she clutched the letter and walked toward the library, saying as she turned the knob: "Edna will make him read the letter. God send that she has not sense enough to see, and tell him I wrote only the truth."

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DECISION OF THE TWINS

By IZOLA FORESTER.

"Poll-e-e!"

No answer. Don looked cautiously through the banister rails. Sometimes it is very handy to be only three and a half feet high. Below, in the long center hall, everything was quiet. The twins loved the hall when the noon sunlight streamed in through the big stained-glass window at the bend of the staircase.

It was the luncheon hour. Don knew that the grown-ups were safe in the dining room, but he did think that Polly might have stayed within hearing distance.

"Oh, Pollee! Betty's eating the gold-fish." The little door under the stairs opened cautiously and Polly looked out, shaking her finger in warning.

"You Donnikin!" she exclaimed in a whisper. "Don't you dare call my name. I don't want anyone to know where I am. What have you been doing now?"

"Tisn't me, Polly," Don protested. "It's Betty. She got on a chair and picked them out, and said she was going to eat them."

From the top of the stairs came a shrill, indignant protest.

"I didn't eat 'em. I played they were all whales and put them in the bathtub."

Polly took one look in the direction of the closed dining room door, gathered her skirts about her and fled up the stairs. Don watched her disappear, Betty clasped in her arms. The ways of sisters were beyond his ken. He began to pine for the companionship of his own sex. Just then the dining room door opened and Uncle Hal came out, followed by the doctor. Don approved of the doctor first because he was not a doctor of pills and bitter medicines. He was the new rector over at the little stone church where the twins went to Sunday school.

Don understood that he had been a college mate of Uncle Hal, and therefore was an all-around good fellow. As they sat out on the veranda now, in the deep willow chairs, smoking, Don sorted marbles on the top step and eyed the doctor thoughtfully.

Noticing that Uncle Hal was doing most of the talking, and that the doctor was rather absorbed, he began to connect him with Polly's attitude toward life, and to regard him suspiciously. When Uncle Hal went down to the garage Don ventured to take his place beside the doctor, and talk to him as man to man.

"You know," he said, "Betty and I've decided you ought to marry Polly."

"Oh, you have, have you?" The doctor smiled down at the little six-year-old figure in tan linen beside him. "But has Polly decided? Have you asked her?"

"We did," said Don cheerfully, "but she told us she didn't have any opinion of any man who wasn't brave enough to do his own courting. What's courting? Has it anything to do with kings and queens? Or is it about the police?"

"Courting," repeated the doctor, gently, "is what people call wooing. Don, and wooing is er—er—"

"Just hanging around a girl that you like?" innocently.

The doctor's face took on a deeper tint. He smoked in silence.

"Don!" Polly's voice was fearfully dignified as she stepped from the doorway. "I think you had better go down and play on the bench with Betty. The doctor is leaving very soon."

"I didn't tell him what you said, Polly," said Don reproachfully. "I only told him that Betty and I had decided. I didn't say you had decided, at all."

Polly's face was as pink as a rose as he scampered down the path to join his twin.

The doctor dropped his cigarette stub over the veranda rail.

"Is there any special reason," he said, "why you should treat me in this way?"

Polly turned on him hotly. "Because you've chosen to stay in this little summer resort, simply tagging for the angels, and marking time, when you ought to be right in the thick of it. You know that Hal's going. I'd go in a minute, if I were a man. As it is, I'm joining the Red Cross and forming a unit here among the girls of the summer colony. Why on earth don't you do something? Anything! If you're not good for anything else, run an ambulance on the front. Do anything but manage lawn socials and strawberry festivals for the benefit of All Souls."

The doctor stood up quickly, looking down at her with a new expression in his eyes. It was a new Polly who faced him belligerently. He had always thought her the usual type of girl in the summer colony, and while he had frankly fallen in love with her from the first, he had not been keen on telling her so. And now, without warning, Polly had lifted the veil of her frivolity and shown him something of the real woman nature behind it. He answered her slowly.

"I came over today on Hal's invitation to tell him I'd been accepted as chaplain on the Alert. We sail, I believe, the 17th. Before I left I wanted to ask you to be my wife, if I return."

There was a long silence. Polly's blue eyes watched the shore where Betty's pink dress and hat made her resemble some animated blossom bobbing around.

"I think," she said softly, "that the twins' decision was right, after all."

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A Word to Housekeepers

You are expected to do your "bit" in this the greatest war the world has ever known.

What Can You Do?

help can this big fruit and vegetable crop now coming on---the greatest the United States has ever produced.

We Are Prepared

to furnish you cans and jars at "below the market" prices. We saw it coming, we knew prices of cans were going to be "out of sight" that they were going to be hard to get at any price. We STOCKED UP on CANS and JARS.

YOU WILL NEED A CANNER WON'T YOU?
WE'VE GOT THEM!

Forbes Manufacturing Co.

Phone No. 249 --: Incorporated --: Phone No. 249

Cockroach Older Than Man.

The despised and malodorous cockroach is one of the most remarkable of living things. It has existed in its present form ever since the Archaean age, billions of years ago. During that time whole faunas have lived and died. Man is a newcomer on the face of the earth compared to the cockroach. This shows that this insect is a type splendidly fitted to survive, as, in fact, are most insects. They are the only form of life which man has not conquered and are for that reason his most dangerous enemies in the animal world.

Apple an Ancient Fruit.

The wild apple, or the crabapple, has been known in Europe and Asia from remote times, and it is believed that the ancients developed it into an edible and fairly palatable fruit, for the Romans introduced into Britain a variety of the apple which was superior to the native wild apples that the inhabitants of Albion had previously known. The evolution of the apple has employed the thought and effort of many great men. There are hundreds of well-known varieties in the United States.

"Tortillas" Mexican Bread.

"Tortillas" are the Mexican substitute for bread. They are made of hulled corn which has been ground and pounded into a paste, but is cooked without leaven of any sort. These, Doctor Spinden says, are delicious when made thin, but they are usually thick and soggy.



Always Something New

Every Footprint

of Fashion is now shown in the new Walk-Over Shoes and Low Cuts. An unusual range of styles, plus the customary Walk-Over.

Saving of \$1 to \$2
Wall & McGowan

Cossack Superstition.

Among the numerous superstitions of the Cossacks there is a belief that they will enter heaven in a better state of moral purity if they are personally clean when killed in battle.

Water-Hyacinth Spreads Rapidly.

One healthy plant of water-hyacinth in the navigable streams of Florida will distribute about 170,000 seeds in a year, and the plants become obstructions to commercial boat traffic.

Political Parties.

Every great political party that has done this country any good has given to it some immortal ideas that have outlived the members of the party.

James A. Garfield.

CLIMBED STAIRS ON HER HANDS

Too Ill to Walk Upright. Operation
Advised. Saved by Lydia E.
Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

This woman now raises chickens and
does manual labor. Read her story:
Richmond, Ind.—"For two years I
was so sick and weak with troubles
from my age that when going up
stairs I had to go very slowly with
my hands on the steps, then sit down
at the top to rest. The doctor said I
should have an operation, and my
friends thought I would not live to
move into our new house. My
daughter asked me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable
Compound as she had taken it with good
results. I did so, my weakness dis-
appeared. I gained in strength, moved
into our new home, did all kinds of
garden work, shovelled dirt, did build-
ing and cement work, and raised hun-
dreds of chickens and ducks. I can-
not say enough in praise of Lydia E.
Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and
if these facts are useful you may pub-
lish them for the benefit of other
women."—Mrs. M. O. JOHNSTON, Route
D, Box 190, Richmond, Ind.



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D, Box 190, Richmond, Ind.

PLANT CORN.

The most effective way to remedy
the probable shortage in the wheat
crop is to plant corn, says the United
States Department of Agriculture.

Ordinarily the amount of corn pro-
duced in the United States is from
three to four times the quantity of
wheat, but only a very small propor-
tion of the crop—from 5 to 10 per
cent.—has been used for human food.
This amount may be estimated in
normal times at about 200,000,000
bushels a year. Not over 5 per cent.
has been exported in peace times. A
relatively slight increase in the corn
acreage, therefore, will place many
million bushels more of human food
at the disposal of the world without
interfering in any way with the feed
needed for the support of live stock.

In the past, with an abundance
of grain of other kinds, corn has not
been in great demand for human con-
sumption. But with no other grains
longer abundant circumstances will
compel the more general recognition
of the value of corn as human food.
The Department is urging strongly
the wider use of corn in the diet. It
is the best substitute for wheat that
we have and can be utilized in breads
and mushes and a variety of other
ways. We should make every effort
to avail ourselves of it.

"Plant corn," then should be the
motto of every farmer in a section
suited to the crop.

Arranging a Match.

The King of Bulgaria is visiting the
royal Bavarian family at Munich. He
is understood to be arranging the pos-
sible betrothal of the Bulgarian Crown
Prince with Princess Godelinde, the
youngest daughter of King Ludwig.

Prince Boris, Crown Prince of Bul-
garia, is 23 years old and is a cap-
tain in the Bulgarian army. Princess
Godelinde will be 26 years old next
August.

Alaska's New Park.

(Farm and Family.)

The Mount McKinley National Park
has been created by Congress. This
big new national playground and res-
ervation covers an area of 2,200
square miles and has, for its central
attraction Mt. McKinley, which rises
20,300 feet above the sea level. Four-
teen thousand feet of this lofty peak
is covered completely with snow and
ice.

It is an awe-inspiring region of
massive mountains and ice-capped
peaks. The Piedmont plateau, that
follows the range, affords a beautiful
roadway direct to Mount McKinley,
and when you reach the plateau all
difficulties vanish and you see a view
that is unique on this earth. You see
the huge mountain line of perpetual
snow, rising like a great wall on the
southeast. You can ride a pony to
where Mount McKinley rises 17,000
feet above you in a glittering wall of
snow and ice. It is flanked by stu-
pendous mountains which make a
wonderful setting for the monster.

Remarried Next Day.

Divorced in Louisville Saturday,
William Anthony Franke, an electric-
ian, 25 years old, and Mrs. Beatie Sa-
vannah Franke, 20 years old, were
married in Jeffersonville Sunday.

Marjorie's Faith

By JOHN ELKINS

(Copyright, by W. G. Chapman.)

"I will never marry a man unless he
can support me decently," said Helen
with firm decision.

"O well—of course," temporized
Marjorie, "a man ought to be able to
earn a living—but there might come
times when he could lose his position,
or something—and you know you're
making money enough to tide over
such times."

"I'm doing fairly well with my de-
signing, but it wouldn't be anything
very sumptuous for two. Of course in
such a case I would be willing to work
for two. But I wouldn't want it to get
into a chronic state of happening."

"But Jerry Wade is so talented. He's
bound to do something big yet."

"He's a dreamer," said Helen. "I'd
like to see him do something, anything
—if it wasn't so big."

"Well, he's had two stories accept-
ed."

"Paid for?" asked Helen.

"Yes indeed, fifty dollars for the
second. It was beautiful. He has two
out now."

"Have they been accepted?"

"Not yet," answered Marjorie, "but
they will be."

"Perhaps they will, and perhaps they
won't. Meanwhile how long can a man
live on fifty dollars?"

"Well he does live," rejoined Mar-
jorie somewhat exasperated. "I think



Told Her Some Great, Good News.

he does some other writing, and he is
trying for a position on a magazine or
in some publishing house."

"Well, he'd better. A man must have
something regular to depend upon."

"It's strange you don't have more
faith in Jerry when you know—" She
paused with a wistful look in her large,
soft eyes. Marjorie's eyes were her one
beautiful feature in a distinctly plain
little face with a wide brow and a tiny
chin quite out of proportion with each
other. The other girl of much larger
mold, an abundance of dark hair, fine
natural color in the well-modeled
cheek and mouth with its alluring
curves was undeniably good to look
upon.

"When I know what?" asked the
other.

The wistful look went out of Mar-
jorie's eyes, and something like fury took
its place.

"O you know well enough! You
just want to make me say it! You
know he's up to his ears in love with
you."

"Well, yes, he has said so," calmly
answered Helen.

"And you don't care for him the
least bit!"

"O, yes I do—but I am out of pa-
tience with his shillyshallying. If he
would only get something to do."

"Don't you call what he has been
writing, doing anything?"

"Well, it isn't steady. It's too much
in the air."

"Yes," thought Marjorie with some-
thing tugging very hard at her heart.
"It is too much in the air, too high to
fine for you ever to see." But she said
no more. She feared she might betray
herself. She would have given all
everything for the love this girl
valued so little.

Marjorie was an orphan and might
have been on the charity of relatives
but for the ten dollars a week she
earned as a stenographer in the big
city. When her only brother, all she
had in the world, died from injuries in
a football "rush," she had first met
Jerry Wade. He was her brother's
college chum, and he tried to comfort
the forlorn little sister. It was some-
thing besides comfort that came to
Marjorie, but he went back to college,
and she did not let him know. Through
the dishonesty of a relative she lost
what little money had been left her,
and Wade about the same time through
his father's failure, found himself
thrown on his own resources. He had
always hoped to write something worth-
while. It had been for many years his
dream, and he meant to realize it. But
understand he must "do something," in
fact, she put him on probation.

Wade called occasionally on Mar-
jorie, and talked most of the time about
Helen. For the sake of seeing him
for a little while she could bear to
hear the praises of this other girl,
who she was sure did not understand
or care for him as she did. Sometimes
he brought his last story to read to
her. She was so appreciative, and he
began more and more to value her
criticisms. Several times he made
changes she suggested. Marjorie had
been a real student, and was a con-
stant reader of the best authors. She
was beginning to put her knowledge
to some use in thinking and judging
values.

One evening, in speaking of Helen,
Wade rather jokingly said she had put
him on his mettle, she was making
him wait.

"I wonder," he said suddenly, "if she
thinks I will ever win out."

"If she really loved you, she would
know you would win."

The pent-up dam had burst its
bounds. She could stand the repres-
sion of herself no longer. She went
on with a vehemence of which he had
never believed her capable.

"I tell you the woman who under-
stands a man as she ought to if she
really loves him, will know what he
can do. She will be sure he will do it!"

He looked at her wonderingly.

"What an inspiration you would be
to a man," he said. "I think you would
make him do it."

He went away without another word.

She would not have thought it strange
if he had not come again. A man in
love does not care to hear criticisms
of his fiancée. But he did come, and
she carefully refrained from any fur-
ther outbursts. Almost always he
brought new stories to read to her, and
things went on much as they had done
before. One evening he told her some
great good news. Two stories had
been accepted. One of the editors had
sent for him. He had been asked for
more, and he was going to put up his
price. Marjorie rejoiced with him, and
they went out, and celebrated with a
little supper. The next news he
brought was that he had been offered a
reader's position at one of the pub-
lishing houses. Marjorie advised him
not to take it, as it would take all his
time from his story writing.

"But Helen has advised me to take
it," he answered.

She said nothing, but looked unat-
tentive things.

She did not see him again for two
weeks. He seemed to have a good deal
on his mind. Then he told her he had
released Helen from the engagement.

"Oh, Jerry!" she exclaimed, trying
to commiserate.

"I'm not looking for pity," he said.

"Marjorie, do you think you could have
that kind of faith, you know—the kind
you spoke of—if a woman really loved
a man? Would you be willing to wait,
and be poor with me?"

"Jerry," she said, "we wouldn't be
poor. We have each other."

"Dear little woman, we won't be so
very poor, after all. I've just signed
a big contract. It looks so good we'll
have a real wedding tour."

IT MIGHT MEAN THAT, ANYWAY

Chairman at School Contest Was Al-
most Stumped by Pupil's Ques-
tion, but He Wasn't Floored.

No precisely fixed rules exist for
chairmen at prize distributions, and
for this reason the task has its pit-
falls and barbed-wire entanglements.

Occasionally it happens that friends
of education are not too closely ac-
quainted with education. A manager
of a group of schools entered a class-
room and offered a prize for the best
definition of a word to be chosen at
random from the blackboard.

"Here you are," he announced, breez-
ily. "Take the word 'jeopardizing.' Now,
I'll give a quarter—a whole sil-
ver quarter—to the little chap that
gives the best account of what 'jeop-
ardizing' means."

With a leveled forefinger he pointed
in turn to each boy in the first row.

No answer.

"And to think," he complained, "that
this is what we pay an education rate
of fifty cents for."

The last boy stood up.

"Please, sir," he asked, with respect,
"what does the word mean exactly?"

"What does it mean?" echoed the
manager. "Gracious me! Why, I
should have thought every one knew
what the word meant. Jeopardizing,
I take it, means—er—almost anything
that is done by a Jeopard."

Aroused His Suspensions.

A well-known business man who was
lately married, says Billy Blair, took
out some life insurance last Thursday.
Coming uptown Monday morning, he
was accosted by one of his friends
with this salutation:

"What's the matter, old man? You
look worried."

"Well, to be honest with you, I am.
You know, I took out some life insur-
ance last Thursday."

"Yes," replied the sympathetic
friend, "but what has that to do with
the woe-begone expression on your
face?"

"Well, the very next day after I had
it written my wife bought a new cook-
book. Possibly it's all right, but it
certainly looks suspicious."—Kansas

Another Explanation.

"The term 'in statu quo' is often used
in diplomatic circles."

"So it is."

"Just what is the meaning of that
term?"

"Well, sometimes it means that the
press correspondents haven't been
able to discover anything new, and
they are rewriting the story of yester-
day."

TAXING NEWSPAPER REVENUE.

The publishing business is a manu-
facturing business of a peculiar char-
acter. The publisher has but two ar-
ticles to sell: the paper to subscribers;
space in this paper to advertisers.

Probably no other manufacturing
business is conducted on a profit so
small compared to the gross receipts
of a newspaper.

Of every dollar the railroads receive
65 cents only is used for the conduct
of traffic and for all of the incidental
expenses of the transportation busi-
ness; 35 cents goes to pay taxes and
to capital in some form; that is the
business is conducted upon a basis of
50 per cent. gross profit.

Yet it is proposed in Congress to
impose upon the publisher a 2 per
cent. tax on advertising, the chief
source of its income. The proposition
as applied to gross receipts for cos-
metics, chewing gum and automobiles
was abandoned. No one has heard of
any proposition to tax the gross earn-
ings of banks, commercial houses or
the great manufacturing interests of
America. The publishing business is
singled out for an excessive and an
exclusive tax on gross receipts.

The publishers are not asking ex-
emptions of any kind. They are per-
fectly willing to stand any tax deem-
ed necessary by the government, pro-
vided always that a like tax is impos-
ed upon men in other branches of
business.

The tax on gross receipts precedes
any tax on income; in some cases it
would make any income impossible,
and in all cases will reduce the in-
come of newspaper seriously. A large
part of all the government gets from
this tax on gross receipts it will lose
by a reduction of income.

The injustice of this tax must be ap-
parent, as there is no possible way of
fixing the ratio of expense to income.
In other words, the tax will fall with
a different weight upon every news-
paper establishment.

It is not conceivable that members
of Congress will look to this item as a
revenue item. It is a punitive mea-
sure, primarily. It originated in the
bureaus of the Postoffice, who for 20
years have been arraigning the news-
paper business in an effort to make
its use of the mails impossible.

The Senate Finance Committee re-
jected the suggestion that the tax bill
be used for the purpose of recon-
structing the business of the Postoffice.
It must, therefore, be considered solely
as a tax measure, and as a tax
measure it is onerous, discriminatory,
unequal, unjust and most injurious to a
perfectly legitimate business, the
greater part of whose revenue goes to
the employment of labor.

If any one would suggest a tax of 2
per cent. on the gross earnings of
coal, regardless of where the coal was
produced or whether it was hard or
soft coal his suggestion would receive
no consideration. In 1916 the "aver-
age" price of coal in the bituminous
field was \$1.01. In the anthracite field
it was about \$3; but it varied in differ-
ent mines, in different sections of the
country and in the different sections
of the State. A 2 per cent. tax,
amounting to about 2 cents a bushel,
would be most unjust and as a reve-
nue proposition most burdensome.

There would be no excuse for such a
tax. Certainly no one would single
out the coal business as an object of
wrath, and it is used as an illustra-
tion of the injustice of the proposi-
tion.

It would seem impossible that such
a measure would seriously be report-
ed to the Senate. It ought to be im-
possible to suppose that an act of this
kind, conceived in malice and brought
forth in injustice, would be accepted
by either House of Congress.—Post.

24 Vessels Sunk.

The weekly British report of vessels
sunk by mines or submarines shows
the greatest number of vessels meet-
ing with disaster since the report of
May 6, twenty-two of more than
1,600 tons each. Two vessels not
included in the British report have
been sent to the bottom by German
submarines—the French steamer Se-
quana, of 5,557 tons, and the British
steamer Anglian, of 5,532 tons. The
crew of the Anglian was saved, but
190 persons on board the Sequana
perished.

Payable June 15.

Collector of Internal Revenue in
charge of income tax collections, is-
sued a warning that the period for
paying individual and corporation
taxes expired June 15. Delinquents
will be penalized 5 per cent. Hun-
dreds have been so penalized in the
past.

Fort Benjamin Harrison 11 Miles East of Indianapolis on the main line of the

Big Four Route

Big Four through trains stop at the fort to discharge or receive
passengers. Frequent local service to and from Indianapolis.

Ask Your Ticket Agent How to Get There

SAME OLD DANCES.

Waltz, Foxtrot and One Step
To Hold Sway.

New York, June 13.—The waltz,
fox trot and one step will continue to
hold sway as the "big three" dances,
according to dance instructors here
attending the fourth annual conven-
tion of the International Association
of Masters of Dancing. While the in-
structors are sure of the performance
of the three dances, it was announced
today that at sessions of the conven-
tion, which will continue throughout
the week, many new steps will be de-
monstrated. About 200 members of
the association are attending the conven-
tion.

Death Sentence.

Charles Douthitt, a young white
man of the Payne's Depot neighbor-
hood, was adjudged guilty of first de-
gree murder of Wm. V. Sims by the
jury Wednesday at noon with a death
sentence recommended, says the
Georgetown Times. The same night
Douthitt attempted suicide by drink-
ing poison.

PRETTY GIRL

Says Hon. Sam Coleman Broke
His Promise to Marry Her.

Elkton, Ky., June 15.—Alleging
that the defendant had entered into a
contract to marry her in August and
that he violated said agreement and
married another, Miss Hazel Mel-
intosh, daughter of Deputy Sheriff H.
T. McIntosh, today filed suit against
Sam B. Coleman, a prominent farm-
er, and the present Representative of
Todd county in the General Assembly,
for \$10,000. She alleges the defend-
ant was a constant visitor at her home
for a year and that she fully expected
to marry him under their agreement
until she heard of his marriage to an-
other in January, 1917.

Solution Near.

The abdication of King Constantine
of Greece is considered by the French
press as only the first step toward the
unification of Greece. The develop-
ments in that country during the last
few days are gratifying to the Enten-
te, which believes that the complete
solution of the Greek problem is near.

Illuminating Pointers

When you have your house wired you want:

First, To know the wiring is safe.

Second, That the illumination is correctly
planned.

Third, The price as cheap as possible with-
out sacrificing the above pointers.

Let RILEY B. BUTLER DO YOUR Work

a man who has had university training in Electrical
Engineering plus six years' experience, four years of
which was with the Kentucky Public Service Co.

Butler Electric Co.

Phone 35 --:-- Pheonix Bldg.

Get Your Machine Repairs

We carry a complete stock of re-
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Your checks are always evidence of date and amount of all disbursements and your deposit book shows dates and amount of your receipts.

Many of your friends and neighbors have accounts with us. WHY

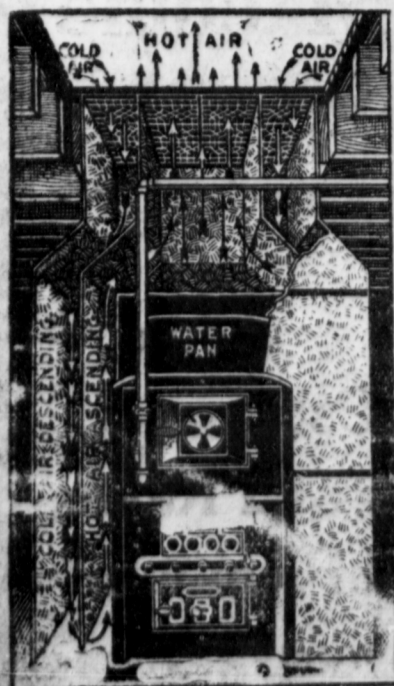
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The Ground Up

J. H. DAGG

REVOLT IN KITCHEN

WHY MR. GUNNEY WAS EATING
CRACKERS AND CHEESE.

Unlike Most Husbands, However, He Was Willing to Admit That His Better Half Really Had Some Good Reason to Be Mad.

"Bassett," requested Mr. Gunney, leaning over the counter of the general store, "I wish you'd give me 'bout a pound of crackers and mebbe five cents' worth of cheese. You needn't wrop it up," he went on as Mr. Bassett reached for the twine. "I expect to eat it right here, if you don't mind the crumbs."

Caleb Peaslee, watching placidly, turned to Mr. Gunney.

"Ain't that a kind of light diet for you, Obed?" he asked. "Wife ain't left ye, has she?"

Mr. Gunney shifted his feet and reddened perceptibly.

"Wal, yes," he admitted, "I d'know but ye could call it that. She's gone over to Dedham for the day."

Caleb grinned with neighborly malice.

"She didn't leave a great sight of grub cooked up," he said, "if you're down to crackers and cheese already. What you ben doin', Obed?"

Obed looked at Caleb with a whimsical smile.

"Twas my fault, Caleb," he admitted sheepishly, "and now I'm gettin' paid out for it."

"Prob'ly it was six months ago—my wife says 'twas, but it don't seem nothin' like that long ago to me—that she begun to pester me 'bout fixin' the kitchen chimley. She claimed it didn't draw as it ought to, and, to be honest, there were times when it smoked considerable. But you know how 'tis. A man does the work that seems to be crowdin' him wust, and lets the rest go with a lick and a promise—and in this case 'bout all the chimley got was the promise."

"Course I was cal'latin' to fix it when I got round to it, but it was one of them jobs that seems 'sif they can be done 'bout as well one time as another, and fin'ly my wife quit talkin' 'bout it, and I let it go out of my mind complete."

"I noticed from time to time that when she'd be cookin' and I was round the kitchen she'd be kind of short and curt with me, and her mouth would be shut sort of tight; but that ain't on-common with most women, and it's better to let 'em alone at such times, I've found."

"I s'pose what brought things to a head was my goin' off with Ben Somers yesterday. I suppose I might jest as well and better ben at home fixin' that chimley; as I told you, since she quit talkin' 'bout it, I ain't thought of it scarcely. I told her them very words this mornin', and they only made her madder."

"Wal, s'she, 'you pay heed to what I say this time, for it's my last word."

"There was food 'nough cooked this mornin' for one person's breakfast," she says, bitin' the words off short, "and I et it myself. What you're goin' to do for breakfast I don't know, but I ain't goin' to get it for you—not on that stove, with the chimley in the shape it is now!"

"I'm goin' to get ready now, s'she, 'and go over to Dedham for the day. I'll be back tonight, and if by that time you've got that chimley fixed, well and good. But, she says, with her mouth shut tighter'n any bear trap you ever see, 'not one spoonful of victuals do I cook over that stove till it is fixed—and you can lag your mind to that!"

"And with that," continued Mr. Gunney gloomily, "she went, and I make no doubt she was in the right on't."

He rose and brushed the cracker crumbs from his lap.

"I guess I'd better be gettin' back to work on that chimley," he remarked; and Bassett and Mr. Peaslee grinned in sympathy.—Youth's Companion.

How Efficiency Works.

The manager of a large eastern factory has been quoted as saying:

"The benefits from scientific management derived by our employees in the making of paper and paper boxes—and we have been working under it only two and one-half years—are: Average increase in wages, 15 per cent; reduction in working hours, 10 per cent; a feeling of greater confidence in that the tasks set by means of a scientific study of the work are known by the employee to be accurate."

"A recent test on machines producing 85 per cent of our boxes shows the difference between the time allowed for two thousand hours of work and the time actually taken was less than three-fourths of an hour."

"It has been said by opponents that individuality is lessened or taken away. Our experience has been exactly the reverse."

Chinese Flour Milling.

Operations were begun recently in Shanghai by a new flour mill, built entirely with Chinese capital, the machinery for which was purchased in the United States. It is known as a "thousand-barrel mill," but has been able to turn out about 1,400 barrels a day. The total investment in machinery is 175,000 taels, or about \$130,000.

The flour-milling industry in China has expanded considerably in recent years. Assisted by war-time freights, it has affected the recent trade. The market for machinery in connection with this industry is likely to be important.

AT THE CHURCHES.

Strangers in the city and the public are cordially invited to all services at the following churches:

Cumberland Presbyterian Church.
J. B. Eahman, Pastor.
Sunday School at 9:30.
Preaching at 11 a. m.
Christian Endeavor 6:30.
Preaching at 7:30 p. m.

First Presbyterian Church—
Sunday School—9:30 a. m.
Morning Service 11:00 a. m.
Evening Service 7:30.
Christian Endeavor—7:00 p. m.
Weekly Prayer Meeting Wednesday—7:30 p. m.

First Baptist Church—Rev. C. M. Thompson, Pastor. Services as usual.

Sunday School—9:30 a. m.
Morning Service—11:00 a. m.
Evening Service—7:30 p. m.

Second Baptist Church—Rev. W. R. Goodman, Pastor.
Sunday School—9:30 a. m.
Preaching—11 a. m.
Preaching—7:30 p. m.
B. Y. P. U. 6:30 P. M.
Prayer meeting every Wednesday night—7:30 p. m.

Westminster Presbyterian Church
Sunday School—9:30 a. m.
Men's Bible Class—10:00 a. m.
Morning Service—11:45 a. m.
Evening Services 7:30 p. m.

Grace Church—Rev. Geo. C. Abbott, Rector.
Morning prayer and sermon at 6:45.
Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

Take an Interest.

If parents would keep the confidence of their children and understand them, they must take an interest in their play. This does not mean that it is enough to watch them play. We must get their viewpoint, understand what it means to them and, if possible, play with them sometimes. At one time there was no place in crowded city life for children. Now the community has recognized that they have some rights and playgrounds with kindly supervisors are growing more and more numerous. The nation will be richer in years to come for thus providing for the play life of its children.

DILEMMA OF THE DESERTER

Man Who Took French Leave of Navy Would Make Amends to Country But His Family Would Suffer.

A man who uses the signature "A Deserter" writes as follows to the New York World:

"About fifteen years ago, when a boy too full of boyish thoughts to realize the seriousness of my step and the shame it would bring upon my family, I deserted the navy. Two years later (1904) I married the dearest little woman on earth, but not before I acknowledged I was a deserter. Four years later my father lost his money through very poor health. Now I am supporting, besides my wife and boy, my mother, father and my wife's father. I hold a good position and am able to make ends meet fairly well. I do not need financial aid, but I am in need of some solution to clear my name of the stain, for my wife is a nervous wreck from worry, and my old mother almost as bad. I am more than willing to report and receive my just punishment, but what about my family?"

"Now that war is declared, I am worse than a 'blacker,' for I can't offer my services in any capacity. I am doing all I can in Boy Scout work; I have enrolled in the Red Cross and am trying in a shady way to help. I admit it is not much, but what more can I do? If I can see my family fixed whereby they will have plenty, I'll give up tomorrow. Can you, dear sir, answer the question? I ask your pardon for not signing my name, but you can realize my position."

Spoke From Experience.

"This paper says by harnessing a fly to a tiny wagon an English scientist found it could draw 70 times its own weight; over smooth surfaces," said the wife. "I guess that's all right," replied the baldheaded husband; "I've seen one fly draw 170 others."

THE MARKET BASKET

(Prices at Retail)

Dressed Chickens	per lb.	25c
Eggs per dozen		40c
Butter per pound		45c
Breakfast bacon, pound		50c
Bacon, extras, pound		27½c
Smoked Jowl		18c
Country hams, large, pound		28c
Country hams, small, pound		30c
Lard, pure leaf, pound		30c
Lard, 50 lb. tins		\$12.25
Lard, compound, pound		23c
Cabbage, per pound		10c
Irish potatoes	1.20 per peck	
Lemons, per dozen		25c
Cheese, cream, per lb.		35c
Sugar, 100 pounds		\$9.75
Flour, 24-lb sack		\$1.90
Cornmeal, bushel		\$2.00
Oranges, per dozen		30c to 50c
Cooking Apples per peck		50c
Wine Sap Apples per peck		85c
Celery per bunch		15c
Onions per pound		12½c
Navy beans, pound		20c
Black-eyed peas		17½c
Millet seed, bushel		\$3.50
Stock peas		\$4.50
Seed peanuts, pound		20c
Spring Chickens	per pound	50c

Antonio Stradivari.

Antonio Stradivari was born in 1644, and died in 1737, ninety-three years of age. His early violin was made like his master's and signed with his name. In 1670 he first began to sign his own instruments with his own name. During the following 20 years he only made a few. The year 1690 was one of transition in his career, but still he preserved the tradition of the Amatis school, and his violins of this period are commonly called Stradivarius Amatis. His first instruments were constructed from 1700 to 1725; during the subsequent five years to 1730 the workmanship of them is not of so high an order, and in 1730, or even a little earlier, the impress of Stradivari is almost entirely lost.

Waste No Food

Food Waste of About 700 Million Dollars.

"For partial immediate relief, every individual and community should consider earnestly the matter of food conservation and the limitation of waste. As a Nation we seem to have a disdain of economizing. In many homes there is a strong feeling that it is 'only decent' to provide more than will be eaten and that it is demeaning to reckon closely. The experts of the Department of Agriculture report to me that the dietary studies made by them point to an annual food waste of about \$700,000,000. Of course, the waste in families of very limited means is slight, but in the families of moderate and ample means the waste is considerable. Even if the estimate were reduced by half, the waste would still be enormous."

"The food waste in the household, the experts assert, results in large measure from bad prep work and bad cooking, from improper care and handling, and, in well-to-do families, from serving an undue number of courses and an overabundant supply and failing to save and utilize the food not consumed. As an instance of improper handling, it is discovered that in the preparation of potatoes 20 per cent of the edible portion in many cases is discarded."

—SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE, March 3, 1917.

Food is Wasted

(a) When we eat more food than our bodies need for growth and repair and to supply energy for our work. Overeating tends to poor health and fat instead of brawn, makes us sluggish and indolent instead of energetic and resourceful. Eat enough and no more. Eat for physical and mental efficiency.

(b) When food is burned or spoiled in cooking. Improperly prepared or poorly seasoned food will be left on the table and probably wasted. Buy food wisely and then prepare it carefully.

(c) When too much food is prepared for a meal. Unserved portions are apt to be thrown into the garbage pail or allowed to spoil. Many housekeepers do not

know how to use left-over foods to make appetizing dishes.

(d) When too much food is served at a meal. Uneaten portions are left on the plate and later thrown into the garbage pail. Learn to know the needs of your family, and serve each no more than you think he will want.

(e) When anything edible is allowed to go to the garbage pail or allowed to spoil for lack of proper handling.

(f) When food is handled carelessly. Buy clean food, keep it clean until used, be neat in all details of cooking and serving. This lessens waste and is a valuable health measure as well.

Feed Your Own Family First

Don't feed high-priced human food to hogs or chickens.

Don't send valuable food to the incinerator or the fertilizer heap.

Don't pour into the sewer nourishing food in the shape of milk, skim milk, sweet or sour soup, gravy, or melted fat, or water in which cereals or vegetables have been cooked.

Keep good food out of your garbage pail and kitchen sink.

DEMONSTRATE THRIFT IN YOUR HOME
Make Saving, Rather Than Spending Your Social Standard.

Steaming Hot Water

You can have a plentiful supply of steaming hot water available in a very few minutes through the use of one of our Humphry Tank water Heaters.

This heater complete and ready for use will be installed in your home at the remarkably low price of \$10.50.

Payments may be carried over a period of several months if you desire.

Telephone or write and our representative will call to explain this proposition.

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The purest drugs—the greatest skill and care in compounding them—the honest adherence to every instruction—are all absolutely necessary to give you exactly what the doctor has directed.

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Institutional Treatment of Tuberculosis

means that the patient is given constant attention; that the regime which is found to be best adapted to the case is rigidly adhered to; that a resident physician is at hand all of the time, studying the case and adapting the treatment to it; that nursing service is the best. All of these things mean improvement, greater comfort and possible recovery. Hazelwood is operated without profit by the Louisville Anti-Tuberculosis Association. Rates \$12.50 a week. Write for detailed information.

Hazelwood Sanatorium

Station E DR. O. L. MILLER, Physician in Charge LOUISVILLE, KY

Conversation of Wives.

Do you ask to be the companion of nobles? Make yourself noble, and you shall be. Do you long for the conversation of the wise? Learn to understand it, and you shall hear it.—Ruskin.

Source of Disturbance.

"Do man dat does as he pleases," said Uncle Eben, "don't make near as much 'sturbance' as de man who ain't happy unless he's bossin' everyone else around."—Washington Star.

L. & N.

Time Card

Effective Apr. 15, 1917.

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

No. 92—C. & N. O. Lim. 12:21 a. m.
No. 51—St. L. Express 5:29 p. m.
No. 95—Dixie Flyer 9:32 a. m.
No. 55—Hopkinsville Ac. 7:00 a. m.
No. 53—St. L. Fast Mail 5:36 a. m.

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

No. 92—C. & St. L. Lim. 5:29 a. m.
No. 52—St. Louis Express 10:20 a. m.
No. 94—Dixie Flyer 7:05 p. m.
No. 56—Hopkinsville Ac. 8:55 p. m.
No. 54—St. L. Fast Mail 10:14 p. m.

No. 51 connects at Guthrie for Memphis and points as far south as Erin, and for Louisville, Cincinnati and the East.

Nos. 53 and 55 make direct connection at Guthrie for Louisville, Cincinnati and all points north and east thereof.

No. 93 carries through sleepers to Atlanta, Macon, Jacksonville, St. Augustine, and Tampa, Fla. Also Pullman sleepers to New Orleans.

Connect at Guthrie for points East and West. No. 93 will not carry local passengers for points north of Nashville, Tenn.

W. N. CHANDLER, Ticket Agent.

THE THRICE-A-WEEK EDITION OF THE NEW YORK WORLD IN 1917

Practically a Daily at the Price of a Weekly. No other Newspaper in the world gives so much at so low a price.

The value and need of a newspaper in the household was never greater than at the present time. The great war in Europe is now half way into its third year, and, whether peace be at hand or yet far off, it and the events to follow it are sure to be of absorbing interest for many a month to come.

These are world-shaking affairs, in which the United States, willing or unwilling, is compelled to take a part. No intelligent person can ignore such issues.

THE THRICE-A-WEEK WORLD'S regular subscription price is \$1.00 per year, and this pays for 156 papers. We offer this unequalled newspaper and the

HOPKINSVILLE KENTUCKIAN (Tri-weekly)

together for one year for \$2.65. The regular subscription price of the two papers is \$3.00.

Agarchists After Nick.

Demand for the trial and punishment of Nicholas Romanoff, deposed Emperor, is growing throughout Russia. The crews of three Russian warships have asked that the former Emperor be confined at Kronshtadt until he is placed on trial, and they threaten force if their demand is rejected.

Sprang Another Surprise

A new weapon which, when it bursts, throws boiling oil over a wide area, setting fire to everything inflammable, was used successfully, the British War Office announced, in raids carried out by the British southeast of Labasse, east of Vermelles, and south of Armentiers. The British advanced in lines south of Messines, Belgium.

Incomplete.

The description of a suitcase as something that in a railroad car, cannot be placed in the aisle near you, in the rack above you or in the seat beside you, is not altogether complete, because it can be, and very frequently is, placed on the feet of the passenger next you.—Christian Science Monitor.

The CASTAWAY

By MARY PARRISH

(Copyright, by W. G. Chapman.)

Jean Thayer having for the past ten years earned her living in office positions, and the occasional acceptance of a story at very small pay, and with long intervals between the checks, was very glad to find herself in a position with better pay, shorter hours, and some promise of permanency. Like many other women not trained to any trade or profession, when she found herself thrown on her own resources it was a case of experimenting to see what she could do, and like many more women who have not the faith in themselves that moves mountains, her experiments had not met with much success.

When Peter Shields had asked her to be his private secretary she had at once accepted the offer. He was the senior member of a publishing firm, and had begun to withdraw from an active participation in the business. He came down to the office for an hour or two, sometimes only three or four times a week. He was a collector of autograph letters and manuscripts, and was becoming more and more devoted to his hobby. Jean working in the office as a stenographer had attracted his attention. She was not a "girlie" with very short skirts, very high heels, and vividly tinted cheeks and lips, and she attended to her work without side



Perhaps She Could Help This Man In Some Way.

glances and ruses to attract attention. The senior partner decided she looked "sensible," and engaged her.

It was a pleasant change for Jean when she walked into the handsome library that expressed everywhere the fine taste and attainment of its owner. Shields had no family. A housekeeper and servants took care of the house. After a time Jean found that the portrait of the young, beautiful woman in the library was his wife who had died twenty years ago.

"One day an acquaintance, whom Jean had worked with in the publishing house, mother, and asked a good many questions about her 'new berth.' When it came to Mr. Shields' domestic relations before Jean entered the house she knew nothing, but the acquaintance seemed to know a great deal. Mrs. Shields had died when the little girl was born, and the child had only lived five or six years.

"Poor man!" said the girl. "He's had plenty of sorrow and trouble. Wasn't it awful about that son?"

"Son?" queried Jean. "I never knew there was one."

"No, I don't suppose he ever speaks of him. Don't you remember when a young fellow, Nathan Shields, forged his father's name for a big amount, and got sent to the penitentiary. It was five or ten years—I don't remember which. He denied to the very last that he was guilty; but all the evidence was dead against him, and he was convicted. People thought if he had confessed, his father would have done everything in his power to save him, but he believed him guilty, and turned against him. It was a strange case. There must have been something more in it than most folks knew. They say Shields has never since been to visit his son in prison since he has been there. And of course no one dares to even mention his name to him. I can't understand how a man can be so hard on his own flesh and blood."

Jean's informant left her wondering greatly. But she doubted if she would ever know any more about the mystery than she did then. Mr. Shields' eyes began to give him trouble, and often he asked her to drop her other work and read to him. Then when he had kept her overtime, he would beg her to stay and dine with him.

It came to her ears that people were saying that Peter Shields would either marry or adopt Jean Thayer. But at any rate, she was likely to be well provided for for life. Jean was happy in the work and companionship, and there was also real comfort in the

steady income without the fluctuations of former years.

Jean had been instructed to slit the ends of envelopes and lay the mail ready for Mr. Shields, but not to open or read any letters unless called upon to do so. Two letters addressed in a masculine hand she had noticed he had tossed into the wastebasket without even taking them from the envelope. At first she thought not much about it, supposing he took it for a begging letter or some inconsequential matter about which he did not wish to be bothered. But she noticed that after each of these letters he seemed irritable. When the third one came, and met with the same reception, Jean's wonderment and curiosity reached the boiling point. Among other wild surmises one suddenly struck her with force. Suppose these letters were from the son trying to see or speak with this father?

She could see the corner of the letter sticking out between others. She was entirely alone with that letter. No one would ever know if she read it. But Jean had a strong sense of honor. To read another person's letter was to her about the same as putting her hand in his pocket and taking something; still, she reasoned, perhaps she could help this man in some way, if she only knew how. She was aware this was sophistry, but it got the better of her. She looked again at the letter, drew it out, and read it.

"Dear father," it said, "I have received no answer to any of my letters. At first I thought you might not have gotten them, but I am forced now to think otherwise. Still I am making one more appeal, for it seems incredible you should go on believing me what you said. It has come nearer to breaking my heart, and making a wreck of my life than anything else in the whole bitter experience. If you will not listen to me or see me, at least let me know if you are well. I have been out of prison for over six months, but have found it hard to get anything to do. The taint follows me. At present I am working on a railroad with day laborers, but this job will not last very long."

Jean copied the address, and put the letter back in the basket.

Her thoughts played havoc with her work. The appeal and pathos of the letter haunted her. It seemed tragic to her that this father and son should be so far apart. But even suppose she could bring them together, what would she be doing for herself? She had begun almost to know that Shields felt toward her as though she were a daughter, and her future seemed assured.

"I am well punished for my curiosity," she thought. "If I had let that letter alone, I would not have to be fighting this battle with myself."

Day after day she put off doing anything, till only a short time intervened before the two weeks would be up. There was only one right, one just thing to do, and that was to try to bring this man into his own. She wrote to him, explaining who she was, and telling him his father had never opened his letters. She asked him to have confidence in her, and to let her know any change in his address till she could advise him further. He answered, expressing his gratitude for her kindness.

One day in the parlor of her boarding house she faced a man of about thirty, with clear-cut features, a good pair of shoulders, and the bearing of a gentleman. It was Nathaniel Shields. He told her something of his story. A woman whom he had found out to be an adventuress, had managed to gain the affections of his father some three or four years after his mother's death, and when he had finally succeeded in unmasking her to his father, so that the engagement had been broken off, her revenge had not rested till she had succeeded by the help of one of her pals in throwing the guilt of the forged note on him. After his conviction she had written his father that he meant to give the money to her, as she had been giving her large sums to buy her silence, since he was determined she should not marry him, and that all his stories were lies.

Jean believed him. The more she knew of him, the more was her confidence enlisted in his behalf. One day she said to him: "I can see but one thing to do. I will bring you to him. If he sends me from the house never to enter it again, it must be tried."

"I can't let you do it," he said.

"You must," she answered. "It will be kinder to me to do as I ask than to refuse."

The next day she took him with her to the house. She put him in the drawing room, knowing that Shields would not be likely to go in there. In the library she found the elder man.

"There is someone waiting for you," she said. "Someone you ought to see."

"No!" he broke in seeming at once to divine who it was.

"Yes," she said. "By the eternal justice! by God's justice, you must!"

She went to the other room, and brought with her Nathan Shields. The old man stood like a rock, not speaking nor moving.

"He is not guilty—and he is your son," she said. Then she turned, and went from the room.

Jean waited in the great drawing room wondering what would happen. In about half an hour a maid came and asked her to go to the library. Peter Shields met her taking her hand in a warm grasp. Looking in his face she knew what had happened.

"You must stay and dine with us," he said. "We will have a family party."

Jean did not at once lose her position as secretary, though there was a slight interruption when she became Nathan Shields' wife.



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Identifying Us.

We travel but seldom. When we do adventure out of our beaten path we love to go in style. Just before we made a recent trip we discovered that our faithful gripsack presented an appearance of premature senility. An obliging relative, who is a retired farmer, volunteered to refurbish it with an embrozer which he had evolved for use as a harness dressing or hair restorer. We have forgotten which. When applied the preparation smelled somewhat obtrusively, but our kinsman assured us that the odor would soon pass away. With our reticule glossily bedaubed we took our seat in the train. By this time we had become used to the scent, and ceased to notice it. Presently a venerable citizen of Tywopcity seated himself beside us. We gave him our views of the weather, the war and sundry other subjects. "It wouldn't surprise me if you was a mighty smart man," our seatmate eventually observed. "You're a horse doctor, ain't ye? You shore smell like one."—Kansas City Star.

Unique Among Magazines



Probably Joe Mitchell Chaplin knows personally more famous people than any other man in the world.

—The London Daily Mail, Paris Edition

OTHER magazines have their place in better fact, but the National with Joe Mitchell's fact is different. Every month for twenty years has made a trip to Washington to obtain material for his "Affairs of Washington" department. You can hear him 12 times a year through the pages of

The National Magazine

and enjoy the many timely, interesting talks and special articles on the big men and affairs of the day. The National follows no rut. It is the only magazine of the world. It takes you over wide stretches of territory. It sets you down suddenly at every angle. It is not a palliative, but a blood tonic to every person—man, woman, child. No matter where you live, the National will do you good. Write today for a copy and Send No Money until you have read the magazine and know you like it. For \$1.00, every four months, you can become a regular subscriber to the National Magazine. Publishers "Heart Trade" and "Heart Dealer."

Imperishable Bagdad.

Bagdad is perhaps the most eternal of all cities. She is built of clay, and back to clay she perpetually returns. But so long as the Armenian floods carry down their early burden to the Persian gulf; so long as Europe, Asia and Africa join their tracks beside the city on the Tigris; so long as pilgrimage to Mecca, Medina, Kerbela, Nejed, Kazimain, Kum and Meshed runs along this inevitable line; so long as ships ascend the river for the huge harvests that we shall soon see once more coloring with green the plains of Mesopotamia; so long, and perhaps longer, Bagdad must remain her imperishable, eternal and inevitable self.

Every Woman Wants

Paxtine
ANTISEPTIC POWDER
FOR PERSONAL HYGIENE
Dissolved in water for douche stops pelvic catarrh, ulceration and inflammation. Recommended by Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co. for tea party. A healing wonder for nasal catarrh, sore throat and sore eyes. Endorsed by the Army Medical Department and the Navy Medical Department.

Change of Ownership

I have purchased of N. Stadelman the Ninth Street Meat Market on Ninth street and possession was given June 14. The shop will be run as heretofore. Wallace Morris, Mr. Stadelman's assistant, and Miss Beulah Boyd, cashier, will still be in their positions. The very best meats obtainable will be handled at all times.

J. L. Freedman.

MARRIAGES.

Smith-Gilbert.

Mr. Marvin L. Smith and Miss Viola Gilbert, both from Stewart county, Tenn., were united in marriage here Thursday the 13th, by County Judge Walter Knight.

Spurlin-Pepper.

License was issued yesterday to Curtis Spurlin and Miss Lucy Pepper. They reside in North Christian. Mr. Spurlin is a son of Will Spurlin and Miss Pepper is a daughter of Charlie Pepper.

Reilly-Parent.

Dr. Chas. J. Reilly, of Beatrice, Neb., and Miss Corinne Parent, were married at the Catholic church Thursday afternoon by Rev. J. P. Welch. They left immediately for their future home in the West. The bride is the daughter of Mrs. J. B. Parent and owing to the recent death of her father the wedding was very quiet. Mrs. Reilly has made much reputation locally as a gifted elocutionist and teacher of expression.

JOURNAL ITEMS.

The big cattle sale on the Eustice A. Hall farm by Hall & Harlow and others, last Thursday, proved a very good one. The good cattle sold well, but the grazers and low grade stock went rather slowly. There was a good crowd of bidders on hand.

Dr. Irl Thomas, who went to Fort Thomas last week to be examined for the medical corps of the army, failed to pass the physical examination. He passed the medical examination splendidly, but was short three pounds of weight. He was, however, admitted to the reserve corps.

Mrs. Belle Mimms, widow of the late Thomas S. Mimms, died last Friday morning at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Polk Prince, near Guthrie, aged 76 years.—Trenton Journal.

Very Appropriate.

A certain theater in Canada had a soloist whose ability was more or less doubtful. One evening after she had finished "executing" a solo and agonizing the audience the lights went out and this title of the first picture was thrown on the screen. "It Might Have Been Worse."

LADIES!

This is the Store For Everything You Wear.

Redfern Corsets,
Warner Corsets,
Muslin Underwear,
Knit Underwear,
Gordon Hose,
Gloves,
Coat Suits,
Dresses,
Rain Coats,
Kimonas.

Everything Ready Made

J. T. Edwards Co.

INCORPORATED

THE MUSIC DEPARTMENT

Of Bethel To Be Under The Direction of Misses Moore and Trice.

President B. F. Gabby, of Bethel Woman's College, has secured the services of Miss Mabel Moore and Miss Annie Virginia Trice for his faculty for the session beginning Sept. 12th. These young ladies are musicians of the highest accomplishments who have for the last two years conducted a school of their own in this city. Their connection with Bethel will bring much additional patronage to the college.

PURELY PERSONAL.

Mrs. Robert Maxey, of Chicago, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Lucy Ellis. Miss Ruth Harris has returned from the Normal School at Bowling Green.

Miss Adele Taylor is visiting friends at Auburn, and will make a trip to Mammoth Cave.

Miss Caroline Gaither of Ft Worth, Tex., and Miss Mary Warfield, of Princeton, have been visiting their grandmother, Mrs. W. E. Warfield, at Casky. Miss Gaither left this week for Chicago to take a summer course in music.

Miss Virgil Sellers, of North Carolina, is visiting Miss Sara Belle Wharton at Casky.

Miss Mallie Lindsay, who taught at Central College, Conway, Ark., last year, will teach in a North Carolina college next year.

Rev. W. E. Mitchell, of Georgetown, Ky., is in the city.

Prof. G. C. Koffman has gone to Chicago for a summer course.

Mrs. T. S. Winfree and daughter, Miss Thelma, are visiting Mrs. Mike Griffin, in Murray, Ky.

Marion Meacham, a contractor of Hopkinsville, reached here Tuesday with a crew of hands to begin work on W. Rice Jackson's new residence three miles north of town.—Cadiz Record.

Misses Emily and Virginia Williamson have returned from Princeton, where they taught school.

Miss Birdie McAlister and brother, James, of Florida, are visiting Mr. Henry Yonts' family.

Good Sized Bill.

The three-billion dollar war budget, appropriating the greatest sum ever voted by any legislative body, and in amount greater than the total cost of the Civil War, went to President Wilson for his signature Thursday.

FOR SALE—Rubber tire surrey and harness. Good family horse. Price right. Ring 521.

Two Civil Cases.

The case of Jeff Garrott and others against Chamberlain, Receiver of the T. C. Railroad Co., for damages to a piece of ground, was decided Thursday and the plaintiff was given \$300 damages.

R. D. Hammöns vs. J. E. Parsons was also tried and the plaintiff given \$22.50.

Sheep's Tail Weighs 20 Pounds.
The best variety of Syrian sheep has a broad, flat tail which, after the animal is fattened, attains a weight of 20 or more pounds. When skinned and boned, the fat which composes nearly all of the tail is cut into small pieces and cooked down slowly, like our own lard. When it is all melted, the choicest portions of the animal are cut into small pieces and cooked until done in the fat; seasoning is added, and the mixture is turned into jars, where it becomes a solid mass when cold.

LIBERTY AND POETRY

Subjects of the Athenaeum's Last Papers Before Adjournment.

The Athenaeum met at seven o'clock Thursday evening at Hotel Latham and after dinner in the ordinary held the last meeting before the adjournment until September.

Two excellent papers were read. Dr. F. M. Stites was called out professionally and his paper on "Modern Democracy," a patriotic resume of the growth of government by the people, was read by S. Y. Trimble.

Ira D. Smith read a literary paper on "Modern Poetry," taking the ground that poetic genius is by no means declining. He read quotations from many of the living poets, concluding with the Sonnet to the Bluebird, written by Geo. E. Gary, which was published some time ago in the Courier-Journal. The papers were discussed for an hour or more. In the absence of President A. H. Eckles during the greater part of the evening, Vice-president John Stites presided.

Those present were: John Stites, H. W. Linton, Geo. E. C. M. Thompson, Manning Brown, Austin Bell, F. M. Stites, Ira D. Smith, Ira L. Smith, Pettus White, L. H. Davis, S. Y. Trimble, Chas. M. Meacham, A. H. Eckles, E. L. Weathers, Jas. A. McKenzie, T. J. McNenolds, Frank Rives, Lewis Powell.

The July Woman's Home Companion.

The July Woman's Home Companion is filled with helpful and entertaining articles and stories. Agnes Repplier has written a stirring article called "What is Patriotism?" Irvin S. Cobb, with his characteristic humor, tells of some of his experiences in writing for the movies, and "Outdoor Plays" is helpful for amateurs who are thinking of acting outdoors this summer. Other good things are "Bargains in Vacations" and "The Patriotic Garden."

The fiction includes stories by such well known writers as Sophie Kerr, Eleanor Gates, Eleanor Hoyt Brainerd, Grace M. Cooke, and Elsie Singmaster. The regular departments on embroidery, babies, motoring and other things are up to their standard and the fashion, cooking, and picture sections are especially valuable. Altogether, it is an excellent number.

Infancy of Whisk Playing.
According to an authority, whisk or "whisk," as it was called, was generally played three centuries ago. For many years the game, under the appellations of "whisk" and "swobbers," was played only by servants and others of the humbler classes, and it was not until more than a century had passed that it reached the drawing-rooms of the wealthy and the nobility. The first mention of whisk in literature was made by Taylor, the water poet, in 1621. He refers to it as "whisk," the name having probably been derived from the practice of whisking the tricks from the table as soon as played.

Electric Screwdriver.
An electric screwdriver is said to be a great time saver where any considerable part of the workman's time is taken up in driving screws. In the construction of the tool a friction clutch with a spring release is provided, so that when the pressure is released the driving bit does not revolve, but the motor continues in operation.

DR. BEAZLEY

—SPECIALIST—
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat

MEANS GREAT R. R. SAVING

Tax of L. & N. Alone For Five Years Reduced By \$1,500,000

In the railroad franchise cases decided by the Supreme Court the particular railroads interested were the Louisville & Nashville Railroad Company, the Illinois Central Railroad Company, the Louisville Railway Company and the Louisville & Interurban Railway Company. All three cases involved one common question, in addition to which, in the Louisville & Nashville and Illinois Central cases, certain additional questions were involved.

The question common to all the cases was as to the rights of the railroad companies to have their property assessed for taxation at no higher proportion of its actual value than other property throughout the State is assessed. Judge Cochran, of the Federal Court for the Eastern District of Kentucky, was with the railroads on this question in all the cases, holding that property in general throughout the State is assessed at not exceeding 60 per cent. of its actual value, and the railroads had the right to insist that their property should not be assessed at exceeding 60 per cent. of its actual value. Upon this proposition Judge Cochran has been upheld by the Supreme Court of the United States.

Some idea of the magnitude of the interests involved in these cases may be obtained from the statement that the saving to the L. & N. in State, county and municipal taxes, for the one year involved in the case decided by the Supreme Court, is about \$300,000, and there are four other cases relating to as many years, now pending in the lower court, involving practically the same questions, and the same amounts, in which these decisions will be controlling, so that the total saving to the L. & N. alone in these five cases will be about \$1,500,000.

CHICAGO MARKETS.

(Furnished by Whitfield Bros., Odd Fellows Bldg.)

June 15, 1917.

	Open	High	Low	Close
Wheat—				
July	225	229	222	233
Sept.	198	201	193	196
Corn—				
Sept.	147	148	144½	147½
Dec.	110	111	107½	110
July	154½	155½	153½	155½
Oats—				
Sept.	52½	53½	52½	53½
Dec.	54½	55½	54½	55½
July	63½	64½	62½	64½
Pork—				
July	38.35	38.35	38.15	38.30
Lard—				
July	21.42	21.45	21.37	21.24
Ribs—				
July	20.90	20.92	20.87	20.29

"Heliost" Spot in World.
The temple of Buddh-Gaya, in north-eastern India, has strong claims to being considered the holiest spot in the world, at least it would be so adjudged if the question were submitted to a universal suffrage. For Buddh-Gaya is the holy of holies of the Buddhist creed, whose believers outnumber those of any other. This is the very spot where Buddha received enlightenment of his heavenly mission 2,400 years ago. When he arose after the miracle and paced back and forth a lotus flower sprang up and bloomed wherever he placed his foot. Carved lotus blossoms of stone mark the footprints today.

Virtue's Baggage.
Riches are the baggage of virtue; they cannot be spared or left behind, but they hinder the march.

MEAT MEN MAKE DEAL.

Two Leading Meat Markets of the City Are Now Merged Into One.



N. STADELMAN



J. L. FREEDMAN

J. L. Freedman has purchased the Meat Market of Nick Stadelman, Hopkinsville's oldest dealer in meats. Mr. Freedman came here from Evansville several years ago and has been very successful in the meat business in the Elb block. He will continue to run both shops. Mr. Stadelman's retirement will occasion much regret among his many friends in the city. He has not announced his future plans. Mr. Freedman will make no change in the operating force at the Stadelman stand. Wallace Morris will be an active assistant as heretofore and Miss Beulah Boyd, who has been with the house for 12 years will still be at the cashier's desk. The high class of the service rendered will be fully maintained.

C. R. Clark & Co.'s LIFE-SAVING SALE

Continued

Specials for Saturday and Monday

All C. O. D. orders filled promptly. Nothing charged at special prices.

25 lb. Bags Fine Granulated Sugar	\$2 15
50 lb. Tins Pure Lard, worth \$12.25 wholesale	\$11.25
1 dozen Bars splendid Laundry Soap	47c
1 gallon Reboiled Molasses, worth 65c gallon	50c
3 cans Sliced Pineapple, worth 25c can	50c
1 dozen Quaker Oats	\$1 15
1 package Mothers Oats, large size	25c
3 packages National Oats	25c
White Cured Butt Meat, worth 25c lb.	22c
Heavy Seasoning Bacon, worth 28½c lb.	26c
Sugar Cured Picnic Hams, worth 27½c lb., small size, per lb.	25c
1 set Blown Glass Tumblers per set, worth 75c per set	39c
5 lbs Best Santas Peaberry Coffee, worth 30c lb. None better at any price	\$1.20
7 Mackerel, 5 cent size	25c
Fancy Black-eyed Peas per pound	15c
1 quart Bass Island Grape Juice, worth 50c, small bottles 5c each	25c
Quaker Corn Puffs package worth 15c	10c

"Bread is the staff of life, let's have it good."

48 lb. bag Veribest Flour	\$3.50
24 lb. bag Veribest Flour	\$1.75
12 lb. bag Veribest Flour	88c
48 lb. bag Supreme Patent Flour	\$3.50
24 lb. bag Supreme Patent Flour	\$1.75
12 lb. bag Supreme Patent Flour	88c

Every Bag Guaranteed.

C. R. CLARK CO.

Incorporated.

Wholesale & Retail Grocers.